

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 5

JULY, 1927

No. 1

CONTENTS

Seth E. Ward.....	Hoyle Jones
Pioneering in the 70's	Mrs. George Gilland
Camp Carlin or Cheyenne Depot.....	J. F. Jenkins
The Open Range Cattle Business in Wyoming.....	W. E. Guthrie

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STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

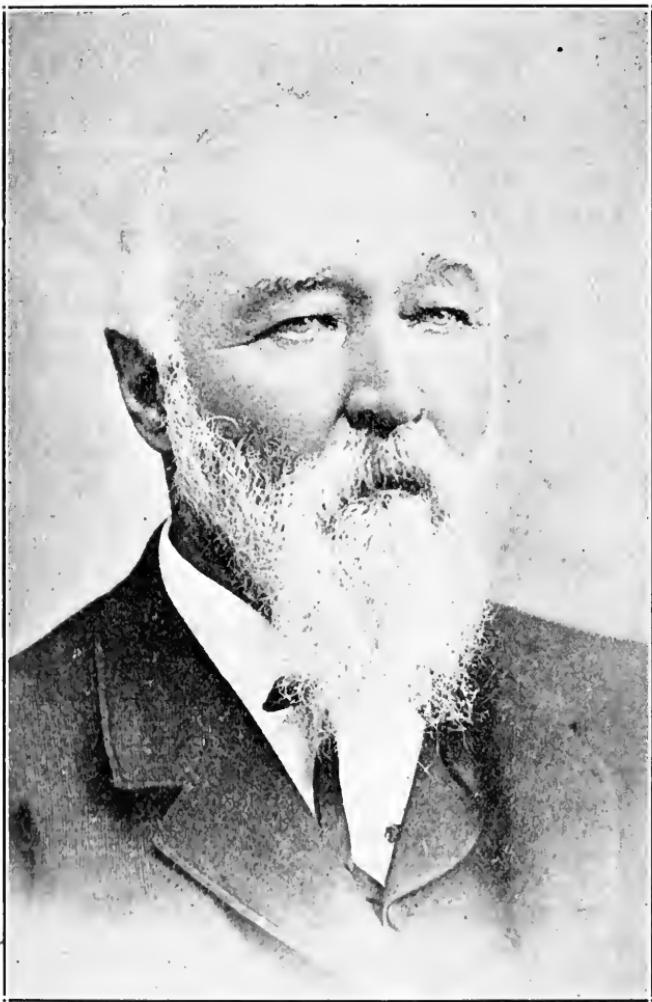
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



SETH E. WARD

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SETH E. WARD

Seth Edmund Ward (1820-1903), a pioneer trader of the early days in the Platte River region and a freighter on the old Santa Fe Trail, subsequently an influential and prominent resident of Westport, a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri, was born March 4, 1820, in Campbell County, Virginia. His parents were Seth and Ann (Hendrick) Ward, both of whom were descendants of prominent Virginia families of the Colonial period. Originally one Seth Ward is recorded as a bishop of the Church of England, and following in direct line the name of Seth was borne by five generations of the family of Ward. On the maternal side, Seth E. Ward, of Westport, is the sixth descendant of John Goode, who was a soldier in the Virginia Colonial forces. His home was about thirty miles from Richmond, Virginia, and the first few years of his life were spent in the environment of a typical Virginia plantation. Little is known of either his parents or his grandparents, but the latter were both dead at the time of his birth, and his father died when he was twelve years of age.

In 1834, when he was fourteen years old, he made his way to Laport, Indiana, where it is known that he lived for a long time with the family of Jacob Haas. His mother was still living in Virginia, and in 1836 he returned there for a visit with her, making the entire distance on foot with a journey that began in December and ended in May. Again he journeyed forth with his mother's gift of \$25 as his sole possessions, and after a brief stay at Louisville, Kentucky, he went on to St. Louis, Missouri, where he first found employment in a tobacco factory. Shortly thereafter he is known to have travelled over the state of Illinois, but eventually he returned to St. Louis where it is evident that he began to make the most of his time and his opportunities. It was in June of 1838 that young Ward left St. Louis, and after a stop of a few days in Lexington, proceeded up the Missouri River to Independence, where he obtained temporary employment with a wagon-maker. Here he remained but a few weeks, and having come in contact with Captain L. P. Lupton, of the

Lupton Fur Company, he accepted employment with them and accompanied Captain Lupton on a journey which covered the uninhabited region lying between the Missouri River and the South Platte.

This trip, when he was at the age of eighteen, consumed about six weeks, and upon leaving the employ of the Lupton Fur Company, he drifted into what is now the State of Wyoming, and subsequently the center of many of his activities. He first located at "The Narrows," on the North Platte, about twenty miles east of Fort Laramie, and from there he trapped largely for the firm of Bent & St. Vrain. At that time beaver skins were sold at about \$1.00 per pound, large wolf skins at \$1.50 each, small wolf skins at 75 cents each, and fox skins at 10 cents each.

He learned the country so well and became so skillful as a trapper, that he left the employ of Bent & St. Vrain and, through permission from the government, established himself as a trapper on his own account, operating from a place called Sandy Point, about nine miles west of Fort Laramie. During all of this time he was constantly in intimate association with various tribes of Indians, with the result that he became thoroughly familiar with their manners, customs, and language, this contact forming the basis of a later relationship with the Indians which proved of material value to him. He was quick to capitalize any situation of monetary value, and his knowledge of Indians and their customs enabled him later to "swap" with them in an extensive trading business from which he reaped large returns. He knew intimately the chiefs and many of the "braves" of the Sioux, Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Ute, Kiowa, Comanche, and other tribes. While his association with them was largely friendly, there were many instances of uprisings when he participated in Indian fights, and he had many experiences that made highly interesting stories in his later days, when he could be prevailed upon to relate them.

On one occasion he crossed the Rocky Mountains to Green River with a company of Thompson & Craig traders on one of the first expeditions in that direction. In this particular company was the famous plainsman Kit Carson, whose name is known to every American reader. The two became fast friends, particularly after the following incident. Kit Carson and young Ward were discussing the killing of buffalo, the older man having killed many and the younger man none. The conversation resulted in Carson betting Ward a horse that he could not bring down a buffalo at the first attempt. Young Ward was thrown from

his horse and rendered insensible in the effort, but he killed his buffalo and won not only his horse, but what was of more value to him, the everlasting admiration of Kit Carson.

On another occasion he was in a party that was attacked by Navajo Indians, when two of his comrades were killed. Once, in 1844, under contract with one of the fur companies, he had accumulated so many furs that there were not enough ponies to move them over to the Platte, with the result that he and two Indians went to Fort Lupton to get additional horses. Southeast from the present site of Cheyenne, and just as they struck Crow Creek, they came upon some twenty-five families of Arapahoes and that night camped with them near what is now the town of Greeley. The next day they crossed the Platte and the Big Timbers, and although it was the first of May, the country experienced, beginning that night, one of the worst snowstorms of its history. Ward and his two Indian companions were snowed in for more than two weeks. On the down journey he had remarked that he had never seen so many buffalo and antelope in his life, and on the return journey he was greatly surprised to find them all dead in the snow. In that great expanse of country, comprising several hundred miles in each direction, there were only about one hundred white men, naturally dependent upon word brought in by the Indians, and it was more than a year before Ward learned the far-reaching effects of this enormous snowstorm. It is the writer's opinion that it was on this trip, while they were snowed in, that Ward and his two companions ran out of "grub" and in desperation, as Mr. Ward told the writer, killed and ate their two dogs. There are many stories of this general character which made up interesting events of his life, some with regard to killings, fights and massacres with gruesome details, about which Mr. Ward was not prone to talk. During those days he lived the hard and rugged life known only to the pioneers of that time, and while he participated in episodes that are now matters of historical record, most of these are unknown even to those who had the privilege of intimacy with this grand old man in the days of his declining years. While reticent to a degree, he was so devoid of the aloofness that is more often the counterpart of this characteristic that at once he inspired a confidence and a friendship that was cherished by all who knew him. One drew the impression that he was taciturn only to the extent of leaving unsaid the commonplace things of the day. Behind his searching gaze was that look that is found

in the eyes of the out-of-door man who has seen much and says little. He was a force to the men with whom he came in contact, and he had that beautiful religion that comes from association with Nature and with *men* who deserve the title. On the part of his comrades he would not countenance the use of words that blasphemed. He told the writer that when he found a man whose profanity reached these limits it was his practice to single him out in camp on a night when the heavens were bright with stars and insist that he look up to heaven and repeat the word or words that had first transgressed his code of ethics. It was an effective plan that instilled into the souls of his men some semblance of the pertinency of reverence which more frequently had had no place in their contemplations.

In 1844 Mr. Ward associated himself with Francis P. Blair, afterward a distinguished soldier and statesman, with whom he maintained a friendly relationship for many years. He returned in 1845 to St. Louis, where he came in contact with Robert Campbell, a man of influence and prominence in that city. They became fast friends, and the confidence which the younger man inspired in the older man became the first stepping-stone to the remarkable business career of Mr. Ward. Mr. Campbell helped finance him in the purchase of two yoke of oxen and a small wagon, when he established himself as an independent trader. This first lay-out, including the stock of goods to be traded, represented a cash outlay of about one thousand dollars, part of which Mr. Ward had as capital from his earlier trapping, and the balance of which was furnished by Mr. Campbell. Ward then made his headquarters at Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas River, and exchanged his goods for horses and mules. These animals were either sold or subsequently used by Mr. Ward in a highly remunerative freighting business which he established over the old Santa Fe Trail, which began at Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Missouri, but then a self-contained settlement five miles south of Westport Landing on the Missouri River, at the approximate confluence of that and the Kaw or Kansas River. All of his supplies were purchased at St. Louis, where he had established satisfactory credit relationships with the assistance of Mr. Campbell, and his goods were shipped by boat from there to Westport Landing. An early associate of Mr. Ward's in business was John Hunton, post trader at Fort Laramie, from August, 1888 to April, 1890, when the post was abandoned by military authorities. Mr. Hunton, who is now living at Torrington, Wyoming, is a venerable pioneer of the early Wyo-

ming days, and is one of the few men now living to whom the historian may go for accurate information concerning the early events of that portion of the West. It is due to his kindness that the Wyoming Historical Department is in possession of a large number of Seth E. Ward papers, which he has preserved for half a century. These reveal the extensive nature of Mr. Ward's business dealings, beginning with his early purchases of supplies in St. Louis. Contained in the papers are original promissory notes and other documents written in clear and well-preserved penmanship, giving the names of prominent St. Louis firms of that day. These papers bear dates from the early fifties to the early seventies and are vastly interesting as indicative of the accepted forms and methods of business at the time.

Among the St. Louis names appearing in the papers are James A. Dobbins, Riley, Christy & Company, A. Schultz, Robert Campbell, and Field and Beardslee. A number of the notes show that they were "Printed at the St. Louis Times office." Westport papers bear the names of Kearney & Bernard and Albert G. Boone. Philadelphia is represented with the name Lippincott, Grambo & Company, and New York with Huffy & Danforth, and George A. Hicks, stationer, 53 Nassau Street. There are references to Governor S. M. Black, at Omaha, Nebraska Territory, and Henry F. Mayer, of Collinsville, Illinois, who, it is shown, was a partner of Mr. Ward's in the building of the Laramie Toll Bridge in 1853, under contract with the United States Government. Lieutenant R. B. Garritt, commanding. There are contracts calling for the cutting, curing and stacking of hay at \$5 per ton; agreements for the sale of drygoods at the St. Louis cost plus 25 per cent, and ten cents per pound for transportation. Groceries were sold at the St. Louis cost plus ten per cent, and ten cents per pound for transportation. Sugar sold at 12 pounds for \$4.00. Indian ponies were purchasable from the Indians in exchange for about \$15 worth of goods, consisting of one red and blue blanket, four yards of woolen goods, some calico, tobacco, and a little powder, lead and caps. Oxen were worth \$70 per yoke; buffalo cow robes, \$3.50; beaver skins, \$1 per pound; flour, 50 pounds for \$10, and soap, 50 cents per bar.

Among the papers is also the commission of Seth E. Ward from Sterling Price, governor of Missouri, dated April 28, 1857, by which Mr. Ward was granted authority to draw contracts, take acknowledgments, etc., more or less conforming to the present-day authority vested in a notary public. Reference is made to the old Fort Kearney,

South Pass and Honey Lake Wagon Road (Eastern Division), and transactions in that vicinity record in part such names as Brevet Major General Augur, C. S. Scovell, captain of infantry; E. W. Jones, assistant surgeon, U. S. A.; William Bullock, Joseph Bisenette, Thomas S. Twiss, Indian agent, Upper Platte; Charles E. Mix, acting commissioner of Indian affairs; Captain G. A. DeRussy, and John Heth, who became a general in the Confederate army. There are contracts for hauling goods, ("dangers of the plains only excepted"); notes to be paid in rations of bread from the government bakehouse; bills to be paid "in account of subsistence"; copies of applications for licenses to trade with the Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, Arapahoe, Cheyenne and Sioux Indians, with the execution of bond for a faithful observance of the "intercourse laws" and containing agreement that "no trade shall be carried on with any tribe, part of tribe, or individual, known or believed to be hostile to the United States," trades exchanging hides and furs for food-stuffs, horses, or oxen, etc., etc.

In 1857 Mr. Ward became sutler at Fort Laramie, under the appointment of Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, and held that position until August, 1871. In his papers in a reappointment to this post, issued from Headquarters Department of the Platte, Omaha, August 2, 1867, being Special Orders No. 140, Command of Brevet Major General Augur, and signed by H. G. Litchfield, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, Acting Assistant Adjutant General. Mr. Ward's operations as sutler were highly remunerative, and during the time that he held that post, he accumulated a fair share of the fortune which permitted him in later years to become an important factor in the financial life of Kansas City.

In the exhibit of the Wyoming State Historical Department are some of the trading coins used by Mr. Ward as sutler. These are round thin copper pieces of the size of half dollars and quarters, stamped on the face, "S. E. Ward, Sutler, Fort Laramie, D. T. Good for fifty cents (or twenty-five) in sutler's goods."

In 1860 Mr. Ward was married to Mary Harris McCarthy of Westport, a daughter of John Harris, a native of Kentucky, who settled in Jackson County, Missouri, in 1832. Mr. and Mrs. Ward spent one winter at Fort Laramie, but removed to Nebraska City in 1863 so that Mrs. Ward would not be subjected to the privations of life as existed in the Fort Laramie district at that time. Their final home was established in Westport, in 1872, on a farm of four hundred and eighty-five acres, now in the heart of the most exclusive residence section of Kansas City, and including

what until November, 1926, was the grounds of the Kansas City Country Club. Good judgment and cautious business habits enabled Mr. Ward to increase his holdings greatly and his estate still holds highly valuable parcels of land in Kansas City, both in residence and business property. His income from these investments enabled him to do much in a charitable way, and he expended large sums in aiding benevolences and contributing to the comfort of a large circle of relatives and friends.

For more than twenty years he was a trustee of William Jewel College, at Liberty, Missouri, and at the time of his death, was one of the oldest members of the Board of Regents of that institution, of which he was a generous benefactor. He was also one of the chief supporters of the Baptist Church of Westport, of which he and his family were members, and he was also a contributor to some of the other churches in his vicinity.

He was very active in helping to promote the development of property adjacent to the magnificent farm region in which he lived, and he is credited with doing a great deal toward the introduction of Durham cattle. During the time of these developments he became heavily interested, and subsequently President of the Mastin Bank of Kansas City, which at that time had the reputation of being the largest banking house in the Missouri Valley. He was president of this institution for eight years. Politically Mr. Ward was a staunch Democrat, and he was a member of the Masonic order and also an Odd Fellow.

Mrs. Ward was a woman of domestic tastes and an earnest worker. Born of this marriage were three children. The first was John Edmund, now deceased, who married Mary Octavia Jones. Their children are Seth E. and Robert Campbell, both residents of Lees Summit, Missouri, and Helen, who is now the wife of David T. Beals, vice-president of the Inter-State National Bank, at Kansas City. The second was Hugh Campbell (also deceased), who was a well known lawyer at Kansas City, who married Vassie James, of Kansas City, and from which union there was born Hugh C., James C., and Frances, all living. A fourth child died in infancy.

Seth E. Ward's life was an inspiration to all who knew him and likewise to those to whom his activities were known. Beginning as a boy, with a limited education and without funds, his perseverance, his ability and his ideals carried him through the early vicissitudes of life to a position of wealth and prominence. His philosophy was of that humble type that is most appealing, and while his life was

spent largely away from the environs of business, his practicability and his unusual insight permitted him in later years to become one of the dominant figures in the business life of Kansas City. He was one of those men whose existence makes the world better, and his helpful influence manifested itself in all his contacts. During the last days of his life he enjoyed the distinction of being almost the only survivor of those early interesting primeval days of the West, and he reaped some of the reward that was his due in the privilege of being able to witness the transformation of his own virgin country to a continuous succession of highly cultivated farms and cities, free from the privations and hardships which he had endured and which his progressive ideas had helped to eliminate. He died December 9, 1903, and is buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, a few miles south of his home in Kansas City.

HOYLE JONES.

In letter of June 9, 1927, to the State Historian, Mr. Jones says:

"Regarding my relationship with Mr. Ward, I am glad to advise you that his first son, John Edmund Ward, married my aunt, Mary Octavia Jones, with the result that in that branch of the family Mr. Ward's grandchildren are my first cousins.

I am taking occasion to send you by separate mail a recent photograph of the Seth E. Ward home in Kansas City. It is remarkable that this house, built in the 70's, is in a fine state of preservation and an accepted portion of Kansas City's most highly restricted residence district. It is surrounded by new and beautiful homes and stands as something of a tribute to Mr. Ward's judgment and foresight. Incidentally, the bricks for this building were freighted by wagon from St. Louis.

Note: For information relative to the life of Seth E. Ward, the writer is indebted to Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Miss Stella M. Drum, Librarian, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Missouri, and Mrs. David T. Beals (Helen Ward, granddaughter of Seth E. Ward), Kansas City, Missouri. Additional data was secured from Hyde's Encyclopedia of History of Missouri."

FROM HUNTON COLLECTION

Fort Laramie N. T., May 21st, 1859.

Messrs. Grable, Green & Craig:

Will give Mr. S. E. Ward an order on C. A. Perry & Co. for the amt. of toll over the Laramie Bridge, payable at Salt Lake. J. D. Harper.

From Hunton collection.

Camp Floyd U. T., Nov. 30th, 1858.

Messrs. S. E. Ward & Co.

Gentn.:

Please pay to the order of Private Steen, Co. "A", 4th Atry, the Sum of Seven dollars & fifty cents & call on John Heth of Fort Kearny for the amount.

\$7 50/100

R. H. Dyer.

Note in pencil on back: Heth became Gen'l in Confd Army.

From John Hunton collection.

Sandy Point, 20th May, 1853.

On the first day of July next, we promise to pay Messrs. Bordeau Richard & Co. or order, the sum of Nine hundred and Thirty Dollars and forty Three cents for value received, with interest after that a (10) Ten per cent per annum.

(Signature torn off).

Saint Louis, Mo., July 6th, 1859.

Mr. Dempsey

Dear Sir

I send you Forty dollars what I sold your robes for, I could hardly sell them at al for theer are no sale for them at this time of the year. I was afraid that you would not be satisfied but as you said sell them for what ever I could get I don so. I sold 8 of them to one man for twenty dollars and the balance I pedled out to who ever I could the whole of them Brought \$43 and I gave a man two dollars for selling some of them for I had not time to tend to it. I hope that you are satisfied for I don the best I could if I had kept them until cold weather I could have got five dollars a piece for them. Write to me and let me Know if you get this. Rember me to Charley and all the Friends.

Yours Truly

W. A. Dempsey

of

Fort Randall

Nebrasca Territory.

James A. Dobbins.

Ward & Guerrier of the first part further agree to allow in the payment of robes one Black Calf Skin to each pack of ten robes.

Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part further agree to return the 45 yoke of oxen and nine wagons belonging to Ward & Guerrier in good condition and further agree that in case of lost oxen they are to pay said Ward & Guerrier for each yoke of oxen lost the sum of seventy dollars, or return good oxen in their place.

Signed and Sealed in
the presence of
Thomas S. Twiss.

WARD & GUERRIER, (Seal)
E. GERRY (Seal)
JAME BORDEAUX (Seal)

The foregoing Articles of Agreement between Ward & Guerrier of the first part and Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part, for the year 1857, is still in force for this date and year, with these exceptions, viz:

- 1st—That the style of Seth E. Ward be instituted for the party of the first part.....
- 2d—That Large Wolf Skins at \$1.00 (one).
That Small Wolf Skins at 50/100 (Fifty).
- 3d—That Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part are responsible for thirty yokes of oxen and six wagons.
- 4th—That the returns of the trade are to be made from time to time as they arrive from the various villages without detention to Seth E. Ward of the first part.

Witness—	S. E. Ward (Seal)
Witness—	E. Gerry (Seal)
Witness—	J. Bordeaux (Seal)

Dated at Fort Laramie N. T. this 4th day of December, 1858.

27 Log Chains
12 Sheets

Endorsed on back. Articles of Agreement.
bet.

Ward & Guerrier
and

Gerry & Bordeaux

(From John Hunton collection. Original in State Department of Historian.)

BE IT KNOWN that Seth E. Ward, of the Upper Platte Agency, having filed his application before me for a license to trade with the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other Indians visiting his trading Posts all within the boundaries of the Upper Platte Agency and having executed and filed with me a bond in the penal sum of Five Thousand Dollars with William Le Guerrier and John Richard as Sureties, conditioned as required by law for the faithful observance of all the laws and regulations provided for the government of trade and intercourse with the Indian Tribes, and reposing especial trust and confidence in the patriotism, humanity and correct business habits of the Said applicant and being Satisfied that he is a citizen of the United States as required by law, he is hereby authorized to carry on the business of trading with the said Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoes and other Indians visiting his trading Posts, at any one or all of the above places, provided, however, that no trade shall be carried on with any tribe, part of a tribe, or individual known or believed to be hostile to the United States, for one year from the 24th day of November, One thousand eight hundred and fifty Seven, and to keep in their employ thereat the following named persons or any of them in the capacities affixed to their names. William Guerrier Antoine Janis Joseph Aymond B. B. Mills Charles Gurue as Traders. All of which persons enumerated I am satisfied from my own knowledge Sustain a fair character and are fit to be in the Indian Country. Given under my hand and Seal this 24th day of November, 1857.

Office Indian Affairs

January 13th, 1858.

Thomas S. Twiss (SEAL)
Indian Agent, Upper Platte.

Approved

Charles E. Mix
Acting Commissioner.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

Articles of agreement made and entered into this 21st day of November, 1857, between Ward & Guerrier of the first part and Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part.

Ward & Guerrier of the first part agree to sell to said Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux a certain lot of goods for the sole Indian trade on the South Fork of the Platte River and Arkansas River with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians and White River and Sand Hill with a band of Sioux known as the Brule and Osage Indians at the following rates:

Dry goods at the St. Louis cost 25 per cent advance and 10 cents per pound transportation to be added. Groceries at St. Louis cost 10 per cent advance, and 10 cents per pound transportation.

Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part agree to pay to the said Ward & Guerrier of the first part for the full amount of invoices rendered in a good average lot of Buffalo Cow Robes at \$3.00/100 (Dollars), Beaver Skins at \$1.00 per pound, Large Wolf Skins at \$1.50/100. Small Wolf Skins at 75c each and Fox Skins at 10c.

Elbridge Gerry and James Bordeaux of the second part further agree to make aforesaid payment in the articles above specified on or before the first day of May, 1858, or if unable to make full payment in robes and peltries above mentioned the said parties of the second part are to pay the said parties of the first part in cash on or before the first day of August, 1858, to the amount of their further indebtedness at the rate per robe which they may be worth where sold by the parties of the first part.

A further condition mutually understood by the aforesaid both parties is such that in the case of the death or other casualty of the said Elbridge Gerry or James Bordeaux of the second part, the goods as per invoices or the remainder, and the balance debtor in aforesaid peltries to be taken possession of by the said Ward & Guerrier of the first part.

A further mutual condition is that all disputes which may arise in reference to the quality of robes shall be settled by arbitration, the said parties of the first part choosing one, the parties of the second part to choose one, and the two persons thus chosen to select the third.

Fort Laramie N. T., March 4th, 1857.

\$3000. Twelve months after date I promise to pay to the order of Tutt & Dougherty (a firm composed of John S. Tutt and Lewis B. Dougherty) the sum of Three Thousand Dollars at the Bank of the State of Missouri in the City of Saint Louis, for value received negotiable and payable without defalcation or discount, bearing interest from due until paid at the rate of ten per cent per annum.

Seth E. Ward.

Ward & Guerrier Secty.

Endorsed on face of note: Paid.

Endorsed on back of note: Pay to Robert Campbell Esq. of St. Louis or order.

Tutt & Dougherty.

Paid Thos E. Tutt pr.

Jno. S. Tutt	\$1500
pr. Louis B. Dougherty	1500

R. Campbell.

Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory,

September 6th, 1859.

We, the undersigned, in presence of certain witnesses, do agree that, Two Mules, which have been claimed by Dr. Johns, U. S. A., shall be shaved on such parts as are now visibly Branded; and if there shall be no mark of a previous brand (U. S.) the said mules shall be immediately restored to Mr. Beauvais, until such time as proof of property shall be satisfactorily made, security being given to Dr. Johns, for twelve months, that the mules, or their value, shall be forthcoming.

But if the marks of a previous brand (U. S.) be visible, it shall be taken and deemed as sufficient proof that such mules are the property of Dr. Johns, and may be legally detained by him.

In witness whereof we have hereunto signed our hands at the place and date first above written.

E. W. Johns, Asst. Surg. in U. S. A.

Witnesses: G. P. Beauvais.

C. S. Scovell, Capt. Inf.

Norman R. Fitzhugh.

Written on back: Arbitration Dr. Johns G. P. Beauvais.

Omaha, Neb.,
May 20/71.

Dear William:

Yours of the 12th inst. at hand, informing me of Col. E. Otis remittance of one Hundred dollars—better later than never—I am sorry that the goods I sent from St. Louis did not all arrive together—glad to hear that you have traded so many Robes—Messrs. Stephens & Wilcox informed me that they had received 40 Bales of Robes, and sent me a list of prices. They expected to sell it if they opened well and came up to the standard—I came up to look at them and I am sorry to say they are a very inferior lot and I thought it was best to let them go for the price offered—averaging 4.66 now take the freight on them from Cheyenne to this place at 20c pr. Robe and they net about 4.46. The lot marked thus X was the most inferior lot of Robes I ever handled in my life, and I think them well sold on the whole. I am glad that the next lot you will send in will be of so much better quality a good lot will bring a good price. Jules Ecoffey & Hunton are both here awaiting the awards of the contracts for Laramie & Fetterman.

It is currently reported here that Col. E. B. Tayloy has the appointment of Post Trader at Laramie. I understand he telegraphed out to this effect.

In regard to the mules you have on hand my advice is to sell them. It will not pay in my opinion to buy wagons & Harness to send up to freight as I presume the prices will be low on the Indian supplies to the agency wherever that will be—people are going crazy about Govt. Contracts—and it appears to me that they want to work for glory only.

I would send in all the skins you have on hand of all kinds. Messrs. S. & W. thinks they can get 75c pr. pound for antelope & Deer and judging from the dullness of Trade through out the country the prices will not be better and would send them in as fast as you can.

Will the Indians remain at Laramie until they received their anuity goods & supplies are there any more to come in with Robes.

My regards to Cousin E.

Yours Truly
S. E. Ward.

P. S.

Enclosed I hand you a list of the robes sold.

On back of letter: S. E. Ward

May 20, 1871.

PIONEERING IN THE '70'S

(By MRS. GEORGE GILLAND)

(Address before the Cheyenne Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, May 14, 1927)

As members of what we are pleased to call our "Pioneer Club," we feel honored today in meeting with the daughters of those true pioneers to whom we owe such a rich heritage. By request, I am recalling a few incidents of early days in Wyoming, but at the risk of repeating much with which you are already familiar, yet experiences vary with circumstances and environment.

I arrived here with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Martin, a younger brother, Hobert, and an aunt, Miss Phelps, on January 20th, 1873, the journey over the Union Pacific taking three days from Rockford, Illinois, as compared with the ninety-three days spent by my father on his first journey across the plains by ox team from Wisconsin to Denver in 1860, then as now for the benefit of his health.

Mother's query, "Will it be safe for us to stay over night in Cheyenne?" was prompted by the unsavory reputation it held in the East, justified no doubt by the rough element which always flocks to a frontier town in the making. But it was then nearly six years old and its wildest days were passed; we were welcomed by former Rockford friends and, to our surprise, found as fine a people as a class as one could wish to meet, to some of whom Cheyenne is still "home,"—Senator Warren, Mayor Riner, Mrs. Durbin, Mrs. Hawes, (then, as Elizabeth Snow, a teacher in the original part of the present Central School), and Mrs. John Underwood who was my first Sunday School teacher here. Miss Lee, who afterward married Prof. N. E. Stark was also a teacher in the Congregational Sunday School and Josiah Strong ¹ was the second pastor of the church.

The I. C. Whipple family were among our earliest acquaintances and it was to their hospitable home that we were first invited to tea. The occasion made an impression upon my young mind because we hadn't expected to be treated to anything so delectable as ice cream and angel food cake away out here on "the ragged edges of civilization and despair." Then there were the T. A. Douglas, E. P. Johnson, (the latter the parents of Mrs. H. D. Glea-

¹ Josiah Strong rose to the ranks of the foremost ministers in the United States and was the author of several books.

son), the A. H. Reel, Frank Houseman and Walter Brown families, the Henry Conways, W. D. Pease, and others who were long identified with the history of the town. Perhaps the only true resident pioneers are Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Farrell, who, I understand, were here when the railroad came.

We settled in a small house on East Sixteenth street, which afterward became Mrs. Glafcke's first greenhouse. In a "lean-to" beside the kitchen mother stored our staple provisions; the one outside door was without lock or bar all winter, yet nothing was taken although of tramps there were plenty.

Sixteenth was then the principal street; there were less than a dozen trees in town, and the brown, wooden houses of Fort Russell, or "The Post," as it was referred to, could be plainly seen, with Camp Carlin located on a spur of railroad near the Talbot place. This was a government supply depot, and the long trains of army wagons laden with various kinds of freight and drawn by government mules were often watched until only the dust was visible in the distance as they wended their way through Fort Russell toward Horse Creek (where, at the old Goodwin ranch twenty-eight miles out the Yellowstone Highway now merges with the old trail), to Fort Fetterman, Old Fort Laramie and other places. Usually several of the outfits traveled together, sometimes with a cavalry escort from the Fort, yet many a brave freighter and stage driver lost his life to the hostile Indians.

Father's health not improving, we shipped our household goods to Denver in the beautiful October of 1873, and drove down, taking a week for the trip and visiting some of the mountain towns. We spent the last night out at a ranch eleven or twelve miles from Denver. In the large living room before an open log fire our hosts recounted to us some of their early experiences, one of which, as nearly as I can recall, was as follows:

Mrs. X—let us call her—came there a bride at a time when white women were a curiosity to the Indians. Unfamiliar with Indian customs and traditions, her young husband was amused when an Ute chieftain, accompanied by several braves, rode up one day and offered to bring some ponies in exchange for the "White Squaw." Taking it as a joke, Mr. X consented. Laughingly relating the incident to a neighbor, an old frontiersman, who chanced to call soon after, he was advised by the latter to lose no time in taking his wife and her sister to the settlement of Denver, asserting that the chief made the bargain in good

faith and might cause trouble if not bought off. His advice was immediately acted upon, Mr. X returning laden with bright-colored calico, beads, etc. True to their word the Indians came the next morning with the stipulated number of ponies, but bribed by the gaudy merchandise aided by the tact of the old frontiersman who was also on hand, they were pacified after a long parley and rode away. But the women remained in Denver until their fears subsided.

In the spring of 1874 father returned to Wyoming, took up a ranch on Muddy Creek, thirty-two miles east of here, and in July moved his family there from Denver. Then it was that, for us, real pioneering began; not in the sense that we suffered hardship—the house father had built was comfortable, there was a well of sparkling pure, cold water at the door and plenty of flimsy old railroad ties for fuel, making the stoking of the cookstove in summer and the heater in winter a perpetual performance. But the softer water for washing had to be carried up an embankment from the creek and of course carried out again; our nearest railroad station, Egbert, was two and one-half miles away; (incidentally Mr. E. R. Breisch ² was, in the early 80's, our agent there). Freight and passenger rates were almost prohibitive and we were "thirty miles from a lemon."

However, mother soon learned to calculate to a nicety the quantity of supplies needed between our rare visits to Cheyenne—then an all-day trip each way since the wagon was loaded with ranch produce going up and provisions coming back. Always too she kept a few jars of preserves and pickles and cans of fish, so, with fresh butter, milk and eggs at hand an appetizing meal could be placed before the chance guest; for those were the days when the coming of visitors meant much and never was work so important that it could not be readily adjusted to the oft-unheralded arrival of friends for a day or a week.

Thus our lives passed happily and uneventfully until the spring of 1877; then came rumors of Indian uprisings, depredations increased and ranchers armed for protection. On our occasional drives at that time father would carry a Springfield rifle, mother a revolver, while we children were instructed in case of danger to crouch in the bottom of the wagon. None of these precautions proved necessary as no Indians crossed our path; yet such was the apprehension that when father was away over night mother

² Mr. Breisch is the present freight agent in Cheyenne for the Union Pacific Railway Co.

would place a gun at the head of her bed and a revolver under her pillow; the anxiety of those times can be appreciated only by those who passed through them.

One evening in June, I had mounted my pony for a ride when a horseman rode hurriedly up, called to father to be on guard as a raiding party of Indians had killed three of Judge Tracey's men near Pine Bluffs that afternoon, then dashed away to the Culver ranch west of us, while, at father's bidding I made haste to warn my uncle's family, the Reuben Martins, who had come from Illinois and settled on a ranch less than a mile east. As I entered a draw half way between the two places a dusky-skinned horseman came riding down. Frightened, I turned my pony and ran for home, but learning that he was only Mr. Culver's Mexican sheep herder I again set forth in fear and trembling and accomplished the errand. Everyone kept vigil that night but the Indians did not raid our valley.

The next day father took his family to Cheyenne and left us there until the danger seemed to be over; but we were destined to have one more scare. One evening a cloud of dust arose in the west and a band of horses came running over the bluffs; no riders could be seen and knowing that the savages in raiding sometimes leaned over the side of their ponies and aimed from under their necks, the cry of "Indians" arose. Mother took us children into her arms and father, handing her a revolver, exclaimed: "If anything happens to me don't let them take you alive!" Soon, however, several riders and a covered wagon appeared and the mystery was explained. It was the Stone outfit bringing their horses back from Cheyenne where they had taken them for safety.

As everyone knows, on June 25th, General Custer and his command were annihilated in the battle of the Little Big Horn. Relatives of ours had come from Illinois to spend the summer in Wyoming, but the gruelling anxiety of watching for the Indians constantly did not appeal to them and they soon returned to the security of civilization. It was not until the government troops had captured the marauding bands and returned them to their reservations under military guard that the settlers themselves felt safe and life resumed normal.

Early the following spring a very near neighbor, a woman of high attainments, who had recently come from New Jersey, opened a small private school in her home, thus affording a much-desired opportunity for study to the few children privileged to attend. Another notable event

occurred that spring: Mr. Gilland arrived from Vermont April 21st, 1877, just fifty years ago.

For lack of other diversion neighbors within a radius of twenty miles or more decided the following winter to give a series of dances, each family to entertain in turn, the first taking place at the home of the J. R. Gordons near Pine Bluffs, the site of which is included in the present James Wilkinson ranch; the next was held at the home of the J. E. Ruggs, then our near neighbors, who later moved to the T. B. Horde ranch west of Cheyenne, now owned by J. T. Bell. In the early 80's Mr. and Mrs. Rugg moved to town and built the nucleus of the present Richardson house on Capitol Avenue, then called Hill street.

The third party was given by Uncle Reuben and Aunt Mary Martin, the fourth by my parents in the evening of January 3rd, 1878;—the diningroom was cleared for dancing and at midnight an oyster supper was served in an "L" of the house; eleven of the guests, because of the long distance they had to drive through deep snow and sub-zero weather, stayed to breakfast. So dancing continued all night to the music of a string band from Cheyenne supplemented by father who played old-fashioned tunes on his violin.

Conveniences were few in those days, but the very deprivations endured served to unite people in a warmth of hospitality and understanding, while in illness the women depended upon each other; never did a neighbor fail to give freely of her time, sympathy and skill, while the men oftentimes exchanged work, or willingly helped a brother ranchman at much inconvenience to themselves. All honor to those sturdy men who worked so hard and endured so much and to those pioneer women whose fortitude, patience and endurance in many cases surpassed any tale of fiction!

Spring came early in 1878, and by March the grass was green; the 7th was an unusually warm day, even sultry; in the evening heavy banks of clouds appeared and rain began to fall. In the night the wind rose and by the morning of the 8th one of the worst storms in history was raging and continued for seventy-two hours—a fine cutting snow that swirled in fury, blinding the men who stretched rope from house to barn and barn to corrals to guide them in their efforts to reach and care for the stock. Even with this precaution it was a question each time they left the house whether they would ever return.

But day and night they carried on; nor were the women folk idle in the house,—keeping hot coffee and food in constant readiness to revive the men, baling out wet plaster and the water that followed as the ceilings fell, for the snow, driven by the fierce wind, sifted under the shingles and eventually there was only one dry corner in the entire house.

Cattle and horses suffered less than sheep. Father at that time was keeping sheep on shares for Charlie Riner; nearly one-third of the herd perished, while Wallace and Crowley, eight miles north, saved only four hundred out of a flock of eight thousand. One of our men dug a sheep out alive after it had lain buried in the snow eleven days, and on the fifteenth day after the storm a lamb was found under a snow bank breathing and lived.

An unusual electrical display was a feature of the storm; balls of fire appeared on fence post and twigs and hung suspended beneath the roofs of sheds. High winds prevailed for a couple of days afterward, then the sun came out and in three weeks the snow was nearly gone.

In May, 1879, a school meeting was held at Egbert and School District No. 3 was organized, extending from Archer to Pine Bluffs, thirty-five miles east and west and across the state—two hundred miles—north and south; this was later divided. The first school house was built on "The Muddy" that summer; so with the close of that decade ended "pioneering" as we had known it in the 70's.

CAMP CARLIN OR CHEYENNE DEPOT

Camp Carlin, located one and a half miles west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, was selected by the War Department for the main distributing point for supplies to the various forts and military camps throughout the west.

It was an ideal location. The Union Pacific railroad had a spur to the camp and supplies were loaded and unloaded from the large warehouses that stood along the track. It was named for Colonel Carlin, the commander. Camp Carlin was established at the time that Fort D. A. Russell Military Reservation was selected as a post. There had to be some central location chosen to be used as a supply station and this point seemed to best answer the demand. The survey was made and Camp Carlin was opened in 1867.

Troops had to be maintained at Fort D. A. Russell to guard the Union Pacific railroad during the period of

construction as the Indians had become very hostile, and would wreck trains and shoot passengers and crews whenever it was possible.

During the "Black Hills" excitement in the 70's it took a great many troops to protect the interests of the white man.

I went to work in the Indian Department at Camp Carlin in 1876, when everywhere there was "Indian war" talk and military movements to suppress the warring Indians.

Camp Carlin had now become a great supply station. The first work I did was to receive goods for the Indians, consisting of flour, beans, rice, bacon, salt pork, baking powder, calico for dresses, cloth for shirts, bales of blankets, tobacco and thread. I don't remember all, but one shipment consisted of 1,006,000 pounds. This was freighted to "Red Cloud" and "Spotted Tail" Agencies in northern Nebraska. Much of this was loaded on wagons belonging to A. H. Reel and Charles Hecht, each having trains consisting of 400 yoke of oxen. The teams had 12 to 14 yoke of oxen and drew three wagons, the front one upwards of 15,000 pounds, the second 9,000 pounds, the third with cooking utensils, tents and food for the trip. The tongue of the second and third wagons were cut off short and chained to the hind axle of the wagon in front.

The camp contained a population of about one thousand to twelve hundred civilians, employees and superintendent and over 25,000 animals most of the time. I saw 1000 mules unloaded one day, and 7000 tons of hay. We supplied sixteen military posts and all field companies.

I transferred to the commissary department from the Indian department October 17, 1876. Everything was rushing on account of the Indians who were getting out to go on the war path at every point in the territory of Wyoming and Idaho and the state of Montana. This required constant shipping of supplies to a great many military posts, where troops were stationed ready to move at an hour's notice. Besides the troops in the field I will name the forts that were shipped to at that time as many of them have been abandoned.

Wyoming Territory—Fort D. A. Russell, Fort Sanders, Fort Fred Steele, Fort Bridger, Fort Washakie, Fort Fetterman, Fort Laramie, Fort McKenzie, Rock Creek Station.

Nebraska—Fort Sidney, Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson.

Utah—Fort Douglas.

Idaho—Fort Hall.

After the "Thornburg Massacre" we shipped to Meeker, Colorado, for a long time and all the supplies during the campaign which took place in September, 1879. General Wesley Merritt was in command during the "Thornburg" trouble.

Camp Carlin furnished a wagon train. The train was ambushed by the Indians and our wagon master, McKenzie, was killed, and Rodney Saunders, a member of the train, was wounded and was a cripple for the rest of his life. When the news reached Camp Carlin, Perry Organ was superintendent of the quartermaster department and J. F. Jenkins was chief clerk of the commissary department. The War Department published a statement giving the force great credit for the rapid and efficient manner in which the troops and supplies were sent forward.

During my position as chief clerk of the commissary at Camp Carlin I served under Major Wm. Nash and Major Elderkin.

After the extension of the railroad north, the camp was abandoned, and the houses and warehouses were sold for junk. It had outlived its usefulness. Several of the former employees are living in Cheyenne, but most of them have "passed on."

J. F. JENKINS,
Captain of Commissary, U. S. A.
Spanish-American War.

THE OPEN RANGE CATTLE BUSINESS IN WYOMING

At the close of the Civil War the great cattle breeding grounds of Texas were literally overrun with cattle; with no local market, and few if any of these cattle fit for beef, it soon became a serious problem as to what could be done with these immense herds. In the late 60's an outlet was found for a limited number of aged steers by trailing them to Kansas and selling them at very low prices to Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri feeders. From this modest beginning was finally developed that wonderful trail business so vividly described by Emerson Hough in "North of 36." It finally began to dawn on the southern cattlemen, and to northern business men as well, that the grasses on the northern prairies were far more nutritious than on the southern ranges, and it was discovered (and tradition says by a mere accident) that even in the northern country where severe winters were frequent, if not the rule, cattle

would live and thrive with no other feed than the native grass.

By the early 70's it had been demonstrated beyond question that Wyoming was the very center of the greatest open range country known to man; that the native buffalo and bunch grasses were the best to be found between the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian border; that cattle turned loose on the Wyoming ranges would not only live and thrive during the winter but would get "hog-fat" in the summer. So long as the number of cattle were limited and the winter feed not used in summer the conditions above described were not so far out of line. Reports of this great range country in Wyoming gradually spread to other parts of the country and cattlemen and others began to establish small ranches and turn small herds of cattle on the ranges, and in some instances with phenomenal profits. About this time, in the early seventies, there began to appear in eastern papers and magazines, flaming articles describing the cattle business in Wyoming; boldly stating and indeed actually believed by Wyoming cattlemen that the annual losses were not to exceed two per cent; that the cost of handling the cattle was not more than one dollar per year and the profits could be safely counted at forty per cent per annum. Small wonder that this propaganda drew the attention of the outside world to this wonderful "get-rich-quick" cattle business.

By the late 70's there began that mad scramble to get in the business that culminated in a wild boom, such as has rarely if ever been seen in any country at any time. Men from every walk in life, bankers, merchants, farmers, young men just out of college whose fathers were ready, willing and able to establish them in the business; men who knew something of the cattle business and many who knew nothing at all about it. New York, Boston, England and Scotland capitalists, all seemed determined to get into the game. Tens of thousands of cattle were being trailed into Wyoming each year from Texas, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and Utah. A ready market was found for these cattle; those already established in the business were anxious to increase their holdings and new men with seemingly unlimited capital were continually "getting into the game." It never seemed to occur to anyone that there might be a limit to the number of cattle the Wyoming ranges would support. It was the current belief among all classes of citizens that whoever was established in the range cattle business in Wyoming was assured of a fortune.

The "Cowboys," the Roundup, the Long Trail, the

Mess-wagon, have all been celebrated in song and story by such writers as Owen Wister, Edgar Beecher Bronson, and many others; and perpetuated on canvass by those great artists, Remington and Russell. The very nature of the business, and the life of those who had actual charge of handling the cattle on the range, threw around it a sort of romance, glamour and fascination. Nearly a generation has passed since the real cowboy rode the Wyoming ranges, and yet we have with us the rather amusing if not disgusting imitations in the rodeo; the professional broncho-buster; and in the "movies." Even in the agricultural districts of Western Nebraska where there has not been a roundup for forty years, one sees would-be cowboys wearing chaps, spurs and five-gallon hats, sad commentary on the real cowboy as he was known and loved fifty years ago.

The Other Side of the Picture

The life of the "Open Range Cattle Business" in Wyoming, that is to say before the advent of barbed wire, when cattle were turned loose on the ranges, with no thought of preparing feed for winter and handled entirely by a system of roundups, was comparatively short and certainly spectacular and meteoric while it lasted, and ended in calamity and financial disaster rarely seen in any line of human endeavor. The causes which brought on this unexpected misfortune were many, any one of which would have finally landed the business on the rocks. For instance—buying and selling cattle "book count" or "range delivery." Just how or when this custom was established in Wyoming I do not know, but in 1878 when I first landed there it was a well established custom. That business men should so far lose sight of ordinary business methods as to buy and sell cattle "without counting a cow," with no way of ascertaining how many cattle they were paying for except the seller's "tally books," is almost beyond belief. It is certain, however, that thousands of cattle changed hands, "book count" or "range delivery" in some instances the deals involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Needless to say that any deal of that kind where any considerable amount was involved was the beginning of financial trouble. To illustrate: John Smith engaged in the cattle business in 1878, buying 2000 cows and turning them on the range; modest ranch buildings and corrals were built near a running stream (land not filed on), and Mr. Smith was established in the cattle business. During the summer of 1879 Mr. Smith's outfit reports branding 1500 calves and for two or three years about an equal number, then an

increased branding from young she stock raised. In 1883 Mr. Smith decides to sell his ranch and cattle, his books have been kept in Cheyenne, all calves branded from year to year as reported by the foreman are added to the original 2000 head, and cattle shipped or sold, together with the two per cent loss each year, charged off, showing on the books of say 8000 cattle. It is soon learned that Mr. Smith's outfit is for sale and in due time, some one of the many capitalists seeking investment in this wonderful range cattle business gets in touch with Mr. Smith and the deal is closed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, the price being \$30 per head "book count."

While the above is purely hypothetical, it is a fair statement of any number of sales that came under my own personal observation. Indeed, I myself was the goat in two different deals of this kind, having bought two small herds "book count" in 1879, and in 1884 was a stockholder in a cattle company, the president of which corporation bought for the company a herd of cattle, paying in cash two hundred thousand dollars and "not counting a cow." I do not want to convey the impression that disaster lurked in every deal of this kind, nor do I want to be understood as claiming that deliberate fraud was perpetrated by those selling cattle "book count." In most cases I believe the men who made these sales actually believed that they had the number of cattle shown by their books. The men from whom I bought cattle "book count" were, I believe, absolutely honest in their representations. In fact, it was but a short time until they "got into the game" again, buying larger herds than they sold to me and bought "book count, range delivery."

That every man who bought cattle "book count" got the worst of the deal, goes without saying; that glaring frauds were in some instances perpetrated does not admit of a doubt. One deal with which I was familiar will serve to illustrate: A merchant whom I knew got into the game, buying a herd of cattle shown by the books to be about 1200 head. He hired the cattle "run" for two or three years at one dollar per head per year, the regular price at that time. Suspecting that he had been "buncoed" in the deal he began investigations with a view of compelling the party from whom he bought the cattle to make good some part of his loss. He discovered this party was completely bankrupt, and that all he could do was to make the best of a bad bargain. He decided to have the cattle gathered, tallied and moved to a different range, and to me as manager and part owner of "a cow outfit" was given the job of gathering

these cattle. This herd had been on the range a good many years and naturally was badly scattered. I sent "reps" as far as the South Platte in Colorado, and east as far as North Platte, and with all roundups where the cattle were supposed to be located, and after two years diligent search less than two hundred head of cattle were found in this brand. Not so long ago I had a talk with an old-time friend whom I had not seen for thirty years. This man was one of a syndicate that bought a herd "book count" forty-five years ago, paying about a quarter of a million dollars cash. This friend told me, and he seemed to enjoy it as a good joke, that he was confident they paid one hundred dollars per head for every cow they got. While these two were possibly exceptional cases, the fact remains that in most cases where large herds were bought "book count" the purchasers were given a good start towards bankruptcy, or at best the loss of a large part of their investments.

Another, and not the least of the causes that brought the open range cattle business in Wyoming to grief, was the overstocking of the ranges. That old saying, "One cannot eat his cake and have it," was entirely lost sight of. It did not seem to occur to anyone that it would be possible to overstock the ranges; that the continual influx from the outside, together with the natural increase, would finally swamp the business. It would serve no good purpose to go further into the causes of the complete failure of the open range cattle business in Wyoming, or to tell of the frightful financial crash brought on by the wild boom and consequent reaction. It may be mentioned, however, that in many cases where cattle had been bought at \$30.00 "book count" they were sold at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per head tallied. This tells its own story.

The Cowboy

The cowboys who rode the Wyoming ranges forty to fifty years ago, the boys and men who made it possible to handle the hundreds of thousands of cattle on the open ranges by that wonderful system of roundups, deserve a higher and better place in Wyoming history than is given them by the modern writers of lurid cowboy stories, shown on the movie screen and in the professional "Rodeo." The real cowboy of those days was far from the wild-eyed freak that modern writers show him, carrying two big six-shooters, ready to shoot and kill on the slightest provocation; "shooting up the town," riding his pony into the saloons, et cetera. On the contrary, the class of cowboys on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of properly handling

their employer's cattle, were an unusually fine class of men and boys, intelligent, honest, sober, hard working, hard riding and loyal to their employer's interests to a degree rarely found in employees as a class. It goes without saying that not all cowboys belonged to the class just described. The very nature of the business was such as to bring out the very best that was in the one class, and at the same time to give unlimited opportunity to that class who were naturally inclined to train with "the wild bunch." Those of the cowboys first described who are still on this side of the divide, are now the reliable, honored, prominent and successful business men of Wyoming and other states—of the other class perhaps the least said the better.

A Word for the "Cowman"

At no time in any country, in any business, did there ever come together a finer class of men than the Wyoming cowman of forty to fifty years ago. Something in the life, in the great open spaces; something in the very atmosphere seemed to make men broader minded; to make for closer and more loyal friendships. He fought a courageous fight and lost. His like will not be seen again in Wyoming or elsewhere.

(Signed) W. E. GUTHRIE,
Bridgeport, Nebr., Dec. 22, 1926.

Portland, Ind., February 14th, 1884.

Mr. John C. Friend, Esq.,

Rawlins, Wyoming.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 31st ult. duly received.

In reply, will say that from what data I have to go by—an old pencil diary—I find that Companies "A" and "D" 11th O. V. C., landed at the site of Fort Halleck on the 30th of July, 1862. The companies crossed over from the Sweetwater Country through Whiskey Gap, passing somewhere near where Rawlins stands. In that spring the Noble Lo got on his ear and made things extremely lively for the Overland Stage Line, which then crossed the South Platte at Julesburg and then perambulated its way via Scotts Bluff, Fort Laramie, up the North Platte and the Sweetwater to South Pass and on down past Granger where it crossed Blacks Fork to Fort Bridger. With the handful of troops out there it was found impossible to protect the United States mail and United States citizens fleeing from the draft and it was by the powers that be, decided to leave the north route to the Lo family, and transfer the

stages, stock, etc., to what was then called the Bridger Pass route, which was via Latham, Colo., where the route crossed the Platte, then up through Virginia Dale, Cache La Poudre, Fort Halleck and Bridger's Pass. For the purpose of protection to the stages, Fort Halleck was established, the site being chosen by General Mitchell in person, who the day previous to reaching the ground, met the two companies enroute, accompanied by his aides and guided us to the grounds. On the 2nd of August following, the first tree was cut down by Ben Lloyd of Company "A" for the establishment of Fort Halleck.

On the 20th day of December following, these two companies had built and completed twosets of company quarters, two stables, large enough each to hold 100 horses, quartermasters and commissary storehouses, post headquarters hospital, officers' quarters, bake house, sutler store and the "jug." The post was, at first under command of Major John O'Ferrell, 11th O. V. C., who shortly afterwards becoming disgusted at finding "graybacks" on him resigned and went home to his wife and kids at Piqua, Ohio, where he still resides and where I had the pleasure of a chat with him a month or so ago. The command then fell hard upon Captain F. W. Shipley, Company "A", who resigned in command and robbed the boys out of about \$12,000.00 extra duty money until December 20th when his company was ordered to Fort Laramie. He still resides in Pique also, but I didn't think enough of him to look him up when there. At the time we landed at Fort Hallack until we left, the vicinity was a grazing ground for thousands upon thousands of elk, antelope and black tail deer in sight any time of any day and the chaparral along the base of Elk Mountain was full of cinnamon bears. Scarcely a day passed without a flock of antelope charging through our camp and upsetting tents, camp kettles, etc., before we moved into our new quarters. The buildings, all of them, with the exception of the hospital and headquarters building, were composed of rough pine logs, notched at the corners and put up in panels. The last two mentioned were of hewn logs. The lumber for the doors, window frames, etc., was brought from Denver by three six-mule teams, over which I had charge on the trip, sash, hardware, etc., from Laramie. When the post was disbanded I do not know. In your account of Fort Halleck you must not forget to mention how "Whiskey Gap" derived its name. It was thusly: In our march from Sweetwater we camped in the gap one night. Accompanying the command were some stage property in charge of a station agent at Three Cross-

ings or Split Rock. I forget which, anyhow he had with him a barrel of "nose paint," which he sold to the boys at \$5 the canteen full, and the night we camped in the gap several of the boys had became hilariously patriotic, so much so that O'Ferrell tied them up, spread eagle style to wagon wheels and ordered the barrel of whiskey to be rolled out of the wagon and the head knocked in, which was done, and the whiskey spilled on the ground and always thereafter in mentioning that particular camp it was called "Whiskey Gap" by the boys, and I believe it has held on to the nickname until this day.

I felled the second tree that was cut down for the building of Fort Halleck and don't you forget that. Harry Hugus was a stage driver along there at that time, I believe. This is about all I can remember of Fort Halleck, except that nigger who was killed there and whom Ed Lewis, hospital steward, skinned. I met Ed in Laramie last summer and he mentioned that circumstance.

Now send me your "mammoth" extra edition. I want to see it. Hoping that you may be able to glean a few facts from what I have written and wishing you success in your enterprise, I am,

Very truly, etc.,

J. J. HOLLINGSWORTH

From Constant collection.

Torrington, Wyo.
May 13, 1927.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
State Historian,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Mrs. Beard:

I am enclosing what is to me six very interesting but very short papers. They are all very plain and simple to me and I will try in a few lines to explain them to you.

The due bill from James Beckwourth was for goods he bought of Mr. Ward the last time he was at Fort Laramie. He died the next winter or spring without redeeming his paper. I never knew him.

E. W. Raymond was the man who was with Parkman a great deal of the time while he was in this section of the country. Papin was a trader, trapper and hunter. Norman R. Fitzhugh was the post sutler at one time.

W. Wright was a sergeant in the Second Dragoons. S. E. Ward was post sutler and Robert Foot had just been

discharged from the Second Dragoons and was the same Robert Foot who lived at Fort Halleck, then Buffalo, Wyoming, and was a member of the Wyoming Legislature.

T. S. Twiss was at one time Indian Agent at Upper Platte Agency (where Glenrock now stands) and was also a trader and merchant. Michael Guinard was a brother of Louis Guinard who built the bridge across the Platte river at the place afterward called Fort Casper.

The receipt of W. G. Bullock to Patrick Mullaly for the good behavior of William Granger was given to Mullaly for cash to get Granger out of the guardhouse so he could continue to work. Mullaly and Granger were both considered rather tough characters. The order of Col. W. G. Bullock given by Major Joseph W. Wham to supply Frank D. Yates with ammunition for Indians explains itself. Mr. Yates was the white man in charge of the Indians.

The duplicate draft on London, England, explains itself. The duplicate discharge of Sam Terry may be of some interest in the distant future. Mr. Terry worked for me at Bordeaux in 1871.

Most respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN HUNTON.

FROM LETTERS TO STATE HISTORIAN MRS. BEARD

The Eleventh Ohio Infantry were never in this part of the country. There never was a fight along the North Platte Valley in Wyoming between the U. S. soldiers and Indians in which as many as ten soldiers were killed, except the Grattan fight, nine miles down the river from Fort Laramie in which 28 soldiers were killed, August 19, 1854, and the fight at Fort Casper, in which about 26 soldiers were killed, July 25, 1865.

During the Civil War there were many volunteer soldiers stationed at Fort Laramie as headquarters and distributed from there east and west and south. The Eleventh Ohio Cavalry was so employed from 1862 to the fall of the year 1865. Part of this time some units (detachments or companies) of that regiment were camped on the La Bonte Creek, where the Oregon Trail crosses the creek. This camp was designated as Camp Marshall. During the three years these Ohio troops were in this part of the country they served as far east as Scottsbluff, as far west as the head of Sweetwater river, and as far south as Fort Collins, Colo-

rado, which post was named in honor of Colonel Collins of that regiment. I think this regiment also established and occupied Fort Halleck. Other volunteer troops who served in this country included the Fifth and Sixth Iowa regiments of cavalry, the Fifth and Sixth Kansas regiments of cavalry, parts of Nebraska regiments of cavalry, all of which sustained loss of men in fights with Indians, but the Eleventh Ohio regiment was the greatest loser of any of the regiments from fights with Indians.

Now about the "graveyard" at La Bonte. On the west side of La Bonte Creek, about a quarter of a mile from the road crossing was a burial ground in which many citizens and soldiers were buried, and in this burial ground were the remains of some twenty or twenty-five soldiers, the majority of them being members of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry. There were about thirty or thirty-five graves all told, including citizens. I first saw this burial ground in October, 1868. In 1871 I had the government contract for furnishing wood to the post at Fort Fetterman and had one or more contracts to furnish government supplies at Fort Fetterman from that date each year up to and including 1881 (eleven years); and during these eleven years I passed and saw the burial ground on an average of more than twelve times each year. The enclosure consisted of posts set in the ground, two posts close together and poles attached by putting the ends of the poles between the posts. Some of the posts were held together by having pieces of plank or split poles nailed to them. I and my employes sometimes repaired this fence, after 1876, when cattle were ranged in the country. The enclosure was about 18 or 20 feet wide by 40 feet long. When I last saw the enclosure, during the summer of 1881, most of the poles and posts were lying on the ground in a decayed condition.

During the summer of 1891 the government had the remains of all soldiers (except three who died of smallpox) who had been buried at Fort Laramie and at the site of the Grattan killing disinterred and reburied in the national cemetery at McPherson, Nebraska. Some years after that date the remains of all soldiers buried at Fort Fetterman, La Bonte, and other isolated places where bodies could be identified were taken up and moved to some national cemetery. I do not think the soldiers buried at Fort Fetterman and La Bonte, both included, exceeded forty, and I much doubt if there were so many.

In March, 1868, there was located on La Bonte Creek a road ranch owned and run by Mr. M. A. Mouseau. There

was a ranch at the old abandoned stage station on Horseshoe Creek which was conducted by William Worrel and John R. Smith; a ranch at Twin Springs, four and one-half miles east of the last named ranch, also owned by M. A. Mouseau, who employed a man to run it; a ranch on the west side of Cottonwood Creek, where the Fort Fetterman cut-off road crosses the creek, run by two men known as Bulger and Bouncer; and a ranch on the east side of Cottonwood Creek at the same crossing. Sometime between the 15th and 25th of that month a war party of about 60 Sioux Indians, under American Horse, Big Little Man, and other noted warriors, attacked all five of the ranches and destroyed and burned them.

None of them were ever rebuilt. Mousseau and his family escaped to Fort Fetterman. His Twin Spring man escaped. Of the Horseshoe ranch party, four of the men were killed. Worrell was shot through one foot and Smith was shot through one thigh and in some way both got to the fort. Of the two Cottonwood ranches, the one on the east side of the creek, being first attacked, gave the alarm to the two men on the west side ranch and they escaped, but James Pulliam, the east side ranchman, was wounded in one arm and escaped by running into the brush. His Indian wife received a slight wound in one arm and was captured. Her child and young sister were killed during the fight. The survivors got to the fort and reported the affair as soon as they could. Company "A," Second Cavalry, commanded by Captain Thomas Dewus, was ordered to go as far as Horseshoe and to repair the telegraph line and render such assistance as they could and bury the dead. Myself and several other citizens (Wm. H. Brown and Antoine Ladue, I remember), accompanied the cavalry company. We found and buried two of the men of the Horseshoe ranch party, on the east side of Bear Creek draw, just north of and almost under the telegraph line.

Most respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN HUNTON.

FROM COUTANT NOTES

Wyoming Newspaper—Cheyenne Leader

On September 19th, the first number of the Cheyenne Leader was issued; though intended as a daily it was not published regularly as such until December. It was the first newspaper published in what was afterwards Wyo-

ming and exerted an influence which was felt throughout the country. The founder of the Leader was Nathaniel Addison Baker. He was born near Lockport, Niagara County, New York, August 3, 1843, and was educated at Racine, Wisconsin, to which place his family removed when he was six years old. They were pioneers there as their ancestors had been in 1818 in western New York. In 1859, the family took up their residence in Omaha and a year later young Baker crossed the plains and located at Denver. Here he was engaged in lumbering and later in agriculture, became a pioneer school teacher in 1862, followed mining in 1863, and in the latter part of that year became connected with the Denver Daily "Herald" in its business department. After this he was business manager of the Rocky Mountain "News" in 1864, and finally in 1867, in the month of September, impelled by the spirit of adventure and love of pioneering characteristic of his family set out from Denver with a four horse team, carrying the press type and materials for the pioneer newspaper of this State.

Cheyenne was then a town of only a few weeks' growth, and a scene of wild pushing and bustling western activity. Crowds of freighters, railroad builders, adventurers, and of business men jostled together daily in the crowded streets, eagerly discussing plans for progressive operations and profitable results. The sound of building tools was constant, and the saw and hammer was heard from earliest dawn each and all days and until well on into the nights. The construction of the Union Pacific railroad had then progressed to within a few miles of Cheyenne and all was full of expectation in the breasts of the throngs that crowded the street of the "Magic City". Under these circumstances, on the 19th of September, 1867, the "Cheyenne Daily Leader" had its birth. The first paper was a four page folio of four columns to the page and was printed a page at a time, on a quarter medium Gordon press. When ready for its first issue a crowd of some three hundred besieged the front of the "Leader" office which was on Eddy Street, eager to secure a copy of the first newspaper. Twenty-five cents was paid for each copy of this issue. Startled and often unique expressions were common from the lips of purchasers as they eagerly grasped the paper and witnessed the early and unexpected evidence of frontier enterprise.

Succeeding events in the experience of the papers and its edition were often full of exciting features. For a time the rougher elements of the city's population were turbulent and sometimes aggressive. Criticisms of the acts of evil-

doers brought threats of violence to the editor. These threats were often accentuated by the display of a revolver.

The paper was a prominent and influential factor in the discussion of many subjects of absorbing moment to the people of this region. The first Territorial establishment of Wyoming, the official appointments, legislative work, woman suffrage and landgrabber lynching, an Indian massacre in the outskirts of Cheyenne, murders and vigilante work, municipal and Territorial politics, the simultaneous visit of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, to the capital city and finally in 1870, the great fire in Cheyenne, constituted some of the topics faithfully recorded and fully discussed in Baker's paper.

The ambitions and energy of Wm. Baker in a political and business way prompted the establishment by him May 1st, 1869, of the "Daily Sentinel" in Laramie City and about the same time of the "South Pass News" at South Pass City. These three newspapers were owned and carried on simultaneously for about one year, and were each profitable ventures, despite the fact that the combined pay-rolls of these offices aggregated nearly one hundred dollars per day.

The loss of the "Leader" office by the great Cheyenne fire January 11th, 1870, necessitated concentration of his business. The fire caused the loss of but one issue of the "Leader". Hiring the unused plant of a suspended paper the Argus, and contracting for another building in the place of the burned office, Wm. Baker sped away the day after the fire to Chicago where he replaced the destroyed material by the purchase of a carload of machinery and in just thirty days' time of severest winter weather resumed publication of the "Leader" on its own types and material and in the new building.

Sometime later he sold the Laramie Sentinel to Messrs. Hayford and Gates who had previously been connected with the "Leader". "The South Pass News" was also sold about the same time to Mr. Howe. Wm. Baker after the fire continued the publication of the "Leader" successfully for two years and a half, when he sold the plant to Major Herman Glafcke. He returned to Denver in 1872, where he now resides. He has been engaged since in the publishing business for a time and later in stock business, farming and real estate business and is now practically retired. He was a member of the Third Colorado Cavalry, U. S. Volunteers, in 1864, and has been prominent in Grand Army circles in politics and fraternal orders in which he takes an active interest and pride.

Coutant.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1, 1927, TO JULY 1, 1927

- Winter, Mrs. C. E.....Copy of Congressional Directory, February, 1926; Manuscript of original poem, "Hawaii"; Wyoming road map; pictures of Cody delegation to Washington, D. C.
- Hunton, Mr. John.....Collection of nine documents from Old Fort Laramie; see letter. Panoramic view of Fort Laramie taken in 1926; manuscript, "Reminiscences".
- Langworthy, Mr. J. N.....Ranger map of the Shoshone National Forest, Wyoming.
- Johnson, Mrs. Jessamine Spear..Two pictures of "Little Wolf's picture of Custer fight painted on deerskin" and given by him to Mrs. Johnson; prints of scenes in Big Horn Mountains.
- Davison, Lieutenant H. W....."Petty Cash Book from July 1, '84, to October 15, '84," was found at Fort Laramie. Ramrod for short brass howitzer used in Civil War times; found at Fort Laramie.
- Bruce, Mr. Robert.....Photograph of General Crook. Pamphlet, "Custer's Last Battle," by Charles Francis Roe. Revised edition. Autographed by Elizabeth B. Custer, June, 1927. Mrs. Custer is the widow of General Custer.
- Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.....Centenary Medal issued in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.
- Freeborn, Mrs. J. D.....Collection of Indian relics—1 pair of moccasins, adults; 1 pair moccasins, child's; 3 small beaded pouches; 1 beaded saddle pouch; 1 toy war club.
- Jenkins, Mr. J. F.....Manuscript, "Camp Carlin, or Cheyenne Depot".
- Gilland, Mrs. George.....Manuscript, "Pioneering in the 70's".
- Jones, Mr. Hoyle.....Photograph of home of Seth E. Ward in Kansas City, Missouri. The house was built in the 70's with brick freighted from St. Louis.
- Smith, Mr. David G.....Framed picture of eleven Civil War Veterans. Picture taken during a birthday party at the home of I. S. Bartlett, one of the veterans.
- McFarlane, Mrs. Mary Whiting..Manuscript account of Daniel McUlvan's and David McFarlane's encounter with the Sioux in 1876.

- Elva A. McMannis..... "A Christmas Story". Miss McMannis is associate editor of "The Monitor," published by the Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co.
- David, Mr. B. B..... Copy of "The National Lincoln Monument," Vol. 1, No. 3, published at Washington, Oct. 1868.
- Bagley, Mr. Clarence B..... Pamphlet, "The Acquisition and Pioneering of Old Oregon," by Clarence B. Bagley. "The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society," Volume V, Number 1, March, 1904, giving an account of "The Mercer Immigration," by Mr. Bagley. "The Washington Historical Quarterly," Volume VI, Number 4, October, 1915, containing "The Story of the Mercer Expedition," by Flora A. P. Engle; "The Mormon Road," by Hiram F. White; "Jason Lee". New evidence on the Missionary and Colonizer.
- Mrs. Gertrude Merrill and
Mrs. Laura C. Heath..... "Views of Southern Wyoming." Illustrated and compiled by Merritt D. Houghton, 1904.
- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus..... Bulletin of the Newport Historical Society No. 5, January, 1913.
- Dickson, Mr. Arthur J..... Pamphlet, "Zesenemeoxtoz (Cheyenne Songs)". Published in the interest of the Mennonite Mission.
- Carroll, Major G. C..... "The Cavalry Journal" for April, 1927, contains western history. Roster of Soldiers and Sailors and Marines who served in the War of the Rebellion, Spanish-American War and World War. Compiled and issued by Charles W. Pool, Secretary of State, Lincoln, Nebraska. Official roster of Ohio Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the World War, 1917-18. Five volumes, giving names from "A" to "F".
- Orr, Harriet Knight..... A Pioneer Bride. Memories of Mary Hezlep Knight.

ANNALS TO BE INDEXED

With this issue Annals of Wyoming begins its fifth year and the volume begins with page 1. This change is made because an index of the previous volumes is being prepared and when complete a copy will be sent to all who receive the Annals regularly. An effort will be made in the future to index each volume at the end of the year.

Glaco Rayland, Historian

815 So. 20th Street.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 5 OCTOBER, 1927—JANUARY, 1928 NOS. 2 AND 3

CONTENTS

The Valley of the Fontenelle.....	Ella Holden
The Naming of Mount Owen.....	William O. Owen
Howard Michael.....	Autobiography
Fort Bridger.....	Alex Chambers
✓Laramie County—P. O. Ranch.....	Coutant
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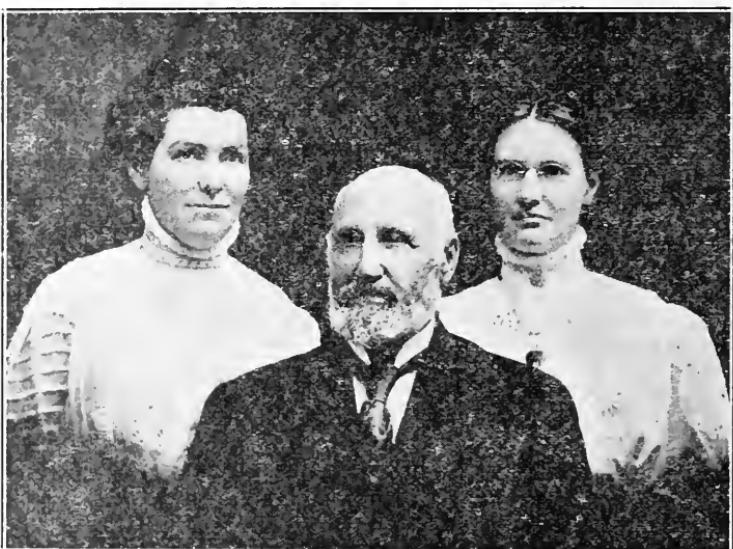
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Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

- (a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.
- (b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.
- (c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.
- (d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.
- (e) To collect by solicitation or purchase, fossils, specimens of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.
- (f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purposes of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.
- (g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.
- (h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



ELLA HOLDEN

JUDGE HOLDEN

MINNIE HOLDEN

THE VALLEY OF THE FONTENELLE By Ella Holden

FONTENELLE

(By D. G. Thomas, formerly of Evanston, but now of Rock Springs, Wyoming)

“The Sun has left a golden rim
Of Glory shining in his stead;
Meanwhile the ocean welcomes him
Into her broad, green mantled bed;
The moon, attended by her maids—
The faithful stars that love her well—
Will soon look down into thy glades,
Thou ever rippling Fontenelle.”

“Where can one see a grander scene
In all of nature’s vast domain?
No picture spread upon a screen
Could so well please the eye and brain;
And contemplation leads the mind
Along time’s path as through a dell
Beyond the ken of human kind
To thy beginning, Fontenelle.”

“The mind of man with all its lore
With all its depth and breadth of thought,
Becomes confused while brooding o’er
The years you saw and counted not—
And counted not? Perhaps I’m wrong;
The record may still with you dwell,
May yet be read by bards whose song
Will tune with mine, sweet Fontenelle.”

“Since Bonneville stood upon thy shore
Thy history we clearly scan.
But what was it in years before
Thou were beheld by mortal man?
But then enough is seen and known
To charm the senses with a spell;
You gladden us with thy rich tone
Thou ever flowing Fontenelle.”

“Here shaggy herds were wont to graze
Upon each green, delightful bank,
And bending down to drink, would gaze
And see their image while they drank;
Unconscious of the lurking foe

Until they heard his savage yell
When there was mingled with thy flow
Their warm life blood, sweet Fontenelle."

"Today where once the bison tramped
Along this valley, rich and green;
Where savages and trappers camped
And clashed in warfare's frightful mien,
Are cattle browsing round at will
And homes where peaceful families dwell,
Dependent on this limpid rill—
Thy silv'ry waters, Fontenelle."

"Oh! Winding stream! Oh! laughing rill!
I see the willows bending low,
As if to listen to the trill
Thy waters make as on they go:
The snow capped peaks that gave thee birth—
Can ne'er a sweeter story tell,
Can ne'er bestow upon the earth
A richer gift than Fontenelle."

—From Overland and Underground.

Fontenelle Valley lies 65 miles west of Green River City and the creek flowing thru this valley is tributary to the Green River. Justin J. Pomeroy and wife established the first permanent home in Fontenelle Valley in the year 1874. Of New England birth Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy left their native state, Massachusetts, soon after their marriage, going first to Ohio, thence to Illinois and later to Kansas. The summer of 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy with their family of three children (all grown) joined the construction crew of the Union Pacific railroad located at Julesburg, Colorado. The family traveled in ox drawn covered wagons, Mr. Pomeroy and the two sons, Roney and Alfred working with the construction crew. When the Union Pacific was built to Dale Creek, Mrs. Pomeroy and the daughter Alice kept a boarding house, furnishing meals for the workmen on the railroad. When the road was completed beyond this point the Pomeroy family moved on to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where a hotel was kept also.

From Cheyenne the Pomeroy's moved on with the construction crew to the Fish cut near Green River City.¹ At this point they left the employ of the railroad company and went to Bryan,² Wyoming, where they lived for two years. (Mrs. Roney Pomeroy who lives at Whittier, California, has the tin cup that the young man who later be-

came her husband, carried in his lunch kit while working on the Union Pacific Railroad.)

During the summer months and as long as the roads were passable, Mr. Pomeroy and son Alf freighted merchandise on ox drawn wagons from Bryan to South Pass. After the roads became snow bound the oxen were driven to Fontenelle Valley for winter grazing as the valley afforded splendid pasturage for the cattle.

The eldest son, Roney, had returned to Chariton, Iowa, soon after the family had reached Bryan and was there married to Miss Amanda McIlvain. Later the young people went to Kansas where their daughter Eva was born. In 1870 Justin Pomeroy and family from Bryan returned to Topeka, Kansas where the father and two sons, Roney and Alf, engaged in raising hogs, but finding this business slow and unprofitable after the few years lived on the border, the family, including Roney, his young wife and child, decided to go to Fontenelle, Wyoming, and raise cattle and on June 10th, 1874, again traveling in ox drawn covered wagons and trailing a few head of stock cattle, they joined a wagon train consisting of seventeen wagons routed west.

In passing thru country infested by Indians the number of wagons increased for safety—by one train dropping back with wagons following or pushing ahead to join those in advance as in those days wagon trains could be seen on every road leading to the west, so that at one time this train with which the Pomerroys traveled numbered twenty-seven wagons.

September 20th, having been three months and ten days crossing the plains—the Pomerroys reached Fontenelle and moved into a cabin at the mouth of the creek. John W. Smith, the sole resident of the valley had built the cabin, abandoning it later to locate a claim about five miles farther up the valley. Mr. Smith owned about five hundred head of black faced Mexican sheep and because of this they called him "Sheep Smith." Mr. Smith proved to be a most neighborly man and heartily welcomed the new comers.

Finding the shelter of the cabin and tents inadequate for the approaching winter, the men in the Pomeroy family immediately started to build a log house of one large room, locating the building on the north side of Fontenelle creek and near a cold gushing spring. A huge fireplace was built in one end of the room, the chimney built by Roney Pomeroy, who was a stone mason, having learned this trade while working on the capitol building at Topeka,

Kansas, where he earned the nickname of "Brick" Pomeroy. While cutting and hauling the cottonwood logs from the banks of the Green River, a cabin was found, the builder unknown. Tearing the cabin down the men hauled the logs to a point about a mile and a half farther up the valley from the first location and on the south side of the creek where a cabin was built for the family of Roney Pomeroy. While the men were laying up the logs for the cabin, Mrs. Roney Pomeroy was removing the loose bark from the logs and underneath a thick slab of bark she found a small folded purse fastened with a buckled strap. The purse contained a \$2.00 bill and a tarnished, blackened dime. Aunt Matt, as she is now lovingly called by her old friends, regrets that she did not keep this find as a souvenir of those old days so full of interest and romance.

Both cabins were finished and the families comfortably housed before the winter set in. Once only, during the winter, did these people receive mail or news from the outside and this was when a Mr. John Kimball came from Green River City bringing accumulated mail for the two families and their solitary neighbor, Mr. Smith.

The next spring Mr. Pomeroy, Sr., started a dairy and the son Alf put his ox teams on the road making regular trips to Green River City hauling hay, butter and cheese, where he disposed of the produce at a good price. That fall Mr. and Mrs. Roney Pomeroy and child went to Green River City where Mr. Pomeroy worked in the round house, wiping engines, and Mrs. Pomeroy was waitress in the Desert Hotel, owned and run by C. W. Kitchen.

In the summer of 1876 Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Rathbun and two small children Daniel, Jr., and Harriett, came from Green River City, locating a claim and building a house on the north side of the creek opposite the house of Roney Pomeroy. Near the Rathbun house was the grave of Pinkney W. Sublette.

The winter following was extremely cold and in one of the blizzards a man named Edwards was frozen to death at Henry's Fork.⁴ Later John W. Smith brought the family left unprotected by the death of Edwards—three children, Ed, Alice and Albert Edwards and their mother, an Indian woman called Lizzie—to his home at Fontenelle and kept them as his own, providing them with the kind consideration that this generous, warm hearted, good man bestowed on all who claimed his hospitality.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Holden, came from Veedersburg, Indiana, arriving at Green River City February 22nd, 1877. My parents had five children, the eld-

est a boy of nine years. Father published a newspaper called "The Daily Evening Press," of which I have a copy dated Thursday, April 12, 1877. Father used to say that in as much as Green River could not support a daily paper he might have succeeded had he published a weekly, but he was quite sure that an "a" should be used in spelling the "Weakly." Having lost the little savings he possessed in this venture, my father accepted the advice of Alf Pomeroy who proved to be our Good Samaritan as the passing years demonstrated. Mr. Pomeroy advised my parents to go to Fontenelle and offered to transfer their household goods with his ox teams. He also told them they could find shelter in the cabin built by Roney Pomeroy as Mrs. Pomeroy and child were then in Kansas and expected to spend the winter there with relatives.

My mother had never slept out of doors and the experience of the over-night camps along the way was novel and thrilling. The howl of the coyote she at first thought was a dog barking, then as the howl increased in disconnected yaps and shrieks she called out of the darkness to Mr. Pomeroy asking if the sounds were cries of women and children. We arrived at Fontenelle October 18th and were glad of the shelter of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Roney Pomeroy.

Scarcely a day passed that Indians were not seen as they traveled between reservations, often camping for several days, erecting their tepees in a bend of the creek. They came often to the home of the settler to beg and trade. Without knocking for admission (if the cabin door stood open) a warrior, his squaw and papoose would noiselessly enter, as the moccasined feet gave no warning of the approach. The housewife would be startled by the demand for "biscuit—Injun heap hungry—see squaw hungry—papoose hungry." On one such occasion mother was so terribly frightened that she sent my eldest brother, Charlie, for Mr. Rathbun, our nearest neighbor. Charlie told the Indians as he was leaving the house that he was going for a white man to drive them away and when Mr. Rathbun arrived at the house he found that the Indians had left. Mr. Rathbun explained to mother that the Indians were inoffensive but that they would become a nuisance if they were fed. A few days later an old Indian woman and two children came to the house begging for food which mother refused. Soon she was told that she had made a dreadful mistake as the woman was James Calhoun's mother-in-law and was called "Old Mary Ann."

James Calhoun was one of the commissioners of Sweet-

water County and a very important business man and leading light in the affairs of the county. He was of Irish ancestry and never quite forgave mother for refusing to feed his children. Mr. Calhoun, with his young wife, Lucille (Indian-French) lived at a ferry on Green River. Louis Gruard, a Frenchman was a partner in the business. They also had a race track where the Indians brot their ponies to try their speed and gamble their blankets and rations on the winning horses. The place was also a rendezvous for trappers and the floating population of the country.

I relate the following incident to illustrate the constant fear of the Indians which filled the minds of the settlers.

My father left the house quite early one morning in August to ride for stock that had strayed, going up the Dry Hollow toward the foothills. Later in the forenoon of the same day three men, Mr. Smith, Bob McIlvain and a trapper called John Day passed our cabin in a hay wagon drawn by Mr. Smith's lazy little team of mules. These men were on their way to a hay meadow a mile west of our home where they were engaged in cutting hay and hauling it to Mr. Smith's ranch which joined ours on the east. As the men were loading the hay on the wagon in mid-afternoon one of them spied several horsemen riding single file, traveling the road leading from Dry Hollow. Excitedly calling "Indians" he attracted the attention of the other men to the distant horsemen. Quickly unloading the hay from the wagon they started for home. With much persuasion, prodding with pitchforks, etc., the lazy mules were forced into a gallop and the wagon went bouncing and swaying over the rough ground. Mr. Smith, who was short and fat and had asthma, lost his balance and fell, his body hanging thru an opening in the hayrack, his knees and shoulders fortunately held by pieces of poles which were a part of the hayrack. Mr. McIlvain, who was driving the team, seeing the predicament of his friends, began pulling on the lines to stop the mules, but Mr. Smith called in a wheezy asthmatic voice "Keep 'em going Bob—keep 'em going—I can make it—keep 'em going." Thru the assistance of the third man, Mr. Smith gained a secure position and soon the rattling wagon was drawn to the side of our cabin and the excited men bade mother and her children to join them "as Indians were coming," and they would take the family to Mr. Smith's home where the women and children would be barricaded in a back room and the men with rifles would do their utmost to protect them.

Mother hesitated, thinking of the husband and father of her children who had rode away that morning in the direction from which the supposed Indians were coming, feeling that doubtless he had fallen a victim. As she looked toward the west the galloping men came into view around a bend in the road. She asked if Indians rode mules. After a glance the men said "John Carnes' mule and Holden and Al Wyatt."

Being ever apprehensive of troublesome Indians the long, lonely trip to Green River City for supplies was dreaded by the settlers and for this reason father was grateful for the company of two young men (who were traveling on horseback) on a return trip from Green River City and was quite willing to haul the extra roll of bedding and other luggage belonging to the men in exchange for their companionship along the way. Soon after making camp one evening a stranger rode into camp and asked to be directed to Huckleberry meadow, explaining in an easy, pleasant tone and slow manner of speaking, which was characteristic of the man, that he, Ed Swan, with his family was going to Big Piney with their wagons and herds, having driven from Idaho and that his family were to camp that night at Huckleberry and he wished to overtake them there. He had been summoned to act on a coroner's jury that morning at Green River, thus delaying him for many hours. Father gave the desired direction to Huckleberry Meadow, but persuaded Mr. Swan to stay all night with him, arguing that as a stranger in a strange land, with night approaching, he might have difficulty in finding his way and that he could leave early in the morning and with daylight would make much better time. Being tired, the four men retired early, father and Mr. Swan sleeping together, their bed rolled out under a big cottonwood tree.

Father's traveling companions made their bed down, using their saddles for pillows and all went to bed. As clouds gathered in the sky indicating rain, the young men got up and dragged their bed alongside the other bed in the shelter of the tree. A quietness settled over the camp, father soon fell asleep only to be awakened by Mr. Swan's elbow digging his ribs and the slow easy voice lowered to a whisper and saying "Mister, Mister, wake up! What is that?" Without raising from his pillow and as Mr. Swan also lay still, father reached for his rifle lying under the covers at his side, feeling confident that the Indians had crept upon them, he too whispered "Where is it?" Mr. Swan whispered back "Right there." Father whispered "Right where?" and the answer came "Right there." In ex-

asperation, father said "Well, what is it. What does it look like?" and Mr. Swan calmly said "It looks like and I think it is a snake!" With that father's fear was gone and sitting up he said again "Where is it?" Mr. Swan pointed to a crooked thing lying between the two beds plainly seen in the moonlight, the clouds having cleared and said "Right there." Father reached over Mr. Swan, saying "It's only a stick" but as his hand neared the thing he said he thought the "cussed" thing might be a snake and any way it was on the stranger's side of the bed and he seemed to be calm about it, he decided to let him worry with it and so he lay down and went to sleep again. When daylight came it revealed the latigo strap from one of the saddles lying in curves between the beds.

After years of association had bound the family of Mr. Swan and our family in ties of closest friendship the two men referred to the time of their first meeting as the night "Swan" had snakes, tho it was a well known fact that neither Mr. Swan nor his sons ever indulged in intoxicating drink.

In November my parents moved to a cabin four miles west of that of Roney Pomeroy, owned by Tom Rumsey then living in Green River City. As Mr. Rumsey had apparently abandoned the cabin our family took possession without consulting Mr. Rumsey and as he died soon after and no one disputed our right the land upon which the cabin stood became a part of the home ranch where my parents spent the remaining years of their life and which is now owned and controlled by my youngest brother, Howard. The cabin was built of round cottonwood logs. There was a fireplace in one end of the room, one window and a door. Mother had a new woven rag carpet which she had brought from Veedersburg, Indiana, and after putting a thick layer of hay (donated by Mr. Smith) the carpet was fastened down by driving wooden pegs through into the ground as there was no floor in the cabin. The meager furniture was placed in the cabin and my parents were happy indeed to call this humble place home. The winding Fontenelle flowed near our cabin. The rippling waters were full of trout and grayling. Many dams indicated the shy but busy beaver and the graceful tawney deer bounding from the hillsides came daily to the creek to drink their fill and lingered in the willow glades to graze undisturbed and unafraid. Father was a true sportsman and only when meat was needed for table use was a deer brought in.

My sister, Minnie Fontenelle, was born in the cabin home and she has the distinction of being the first child to

be born of white parents in the valley. Mrs. Pomeroy, Sr., proved a most efficient nurse in caring for mother and child. Miss Alice Pomeroy called frequently bringing dainties to mother and kindly assisted by brushing the tangled locks of the older children and tidying the home. To our childish imagination she seemed a fairy princess as she rode her pretty pony to our home.

Mother had no sewing machine and the making of garments for a family of active boys and girls was an endless task for one pair of hands. A sewing bee was suggested and the ladies of the little colony met at our home and spent the day in cutting and making clothes for the boys and girls constituting our family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roney Pomeroy, Mrs. Pomeroy's brother, Robert McIlvain, and wife, who had recently arrived from Kansas, made up an exploration party and leaving home early one Sunday morning they followed the old emigrant road north to where the road crossed the Green River about eight or nine miles from Fontenelle. Near this ford they found a meadow which had served as a camping ground in the days when gold seekers crossed the plains. The party found a pile of scrap wagon irons indicating the burning of a wagon train and on higher ground above the meadow was a group of graves marked by boards and end-gates of wagons. Mute evidence of a massacre.

Many years later a Mrs. Ira Dodge wrote an article for publication in Recreation Magazine in which she described the group of graves, also sending snap shots of same and a copy of the then legible names on the head boards. Mrs. Dodge received a letter from an old lady living in the east in which the lady wrote that the names copied from one of the graves was that of her father who had left his home in the east to go west with a party of forty-niners when she was a child and that no information had the family received from the husband and father after he left South Pass. The mother had died without knowing the fate of her husband and the writer, a child when her father left, was now an old lady. Names Hill, located near the old camp ground, has served as a bulletin board for trapper, scout and gold seeker as the smooth surface of the hillside is covered with names and dates of those that passed that way.

During the summer seasons many herds of cattle, horses and sheep were trailed from Oregon to Nebraska. The dust from the approaching herds could be seen a distance of over ten or fifteen miles. My brother, Charlie, on seeing a column of dust would saddle his pony

and ride out to meet the herd, direct the herdsmen to the best camping and watering place and also advertising by word of mouth that we had eggs, butter and milk to sell and that his mother would bake bread or dough-nuts for them if they so desired. Some of the drovers made annual trips trailing stock each succeeding year. With these plainsmen my brother became a favorite and he was given any thin, footsore animals that lagged in the herd or dropped out of the drive. Rand & Briggs gave father fifteen head of travel worn cattle when passing thru on one of their annual drives.

Four years had passed since the first settlers had located in the Fontenelle Valley and the community was still without mail service. A petition drawn by father was sent to the Post Office Department asking for a post office and mail route. The petition was granted, making Mr. Justin Pomeroy, Sr., postmaster of the postoffice which was called Fontenelle. John W. Smith secured the contract for carrying the mail from Green River City—a once a week delivery. Several new families had been added to the colony. A cousin of D. B. Rathbun

his wife arrived from New York. Mrs. Charles Rathbun was a teacher and also a skilled musician and sang beautifully. Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Miller located a ranch in the La Barge Valley—twelve miles north of Fontenelle. These people were most cordially welcomed by the community. A German named Harmes, but called "Dutch George" located one mile west of our cabin on what is now the Pomeroy ranch. Mr. Harmes had an Indian wife and several half breed children. D. B. Rathbun built a hewed log house of several rooms about nine miles west from the mouth of Fontenelle creek. This house was much better built and finished than the cabins built heretofore, and the Rathbuns were justly proud of their new home. They invited their friends to a house-warming on New Years night, 1879.

Someone of the community proposed an opposition dance to be given at the home of "Dutch George" on the same date of the one to be given at the Rathbun home, choosing to dance on a dirt or ground floor rather than the tongue and grooved floor in the new house. Secret invitations were given out and every one in the Fontenelle Valley, including trappers, scouts, squaw men and families and all the white families excepting those of Mr. Rathbun and Mr. Miller assembled at the home of Dutch George on New Years night. Roney Pomeroy, a

trapper named Moon, and old Wes Thurman, "fiddled." Alf Pomeroy called or prompted the old time quadrilles. The dirt floor was sprinkled frequently to lay the dust. Fearing that the Rathbuns might extend invitations for the second night the merry throng assembled again at even, January 2nd. Mr. and Mrs. Miller who had been guests at the Rathbun home the night before also came to Dutch George's. This dance continued to the third night. This has been known as the three nights dance. Not from ill will or animosity toward the Rathbun's was this dance given but rather from fun, loving deviltry which prompted many practical jokes played in those days.

Mr. Randall Rathbun (brother of D. B. Rathbun) his wife and two daughters, Alice May and Claribell of Cincinnatus, New York, came to Fontenelle for a brief visit to his brother's family. They stayed on for a year or more. The younger daughter, Claribell, a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age, died very suddenly, leaving the parents and sister, Alice, grief stricken. They soon returned to New York. The mother lived but a short time after the return to the old home. After the passing of the mother the daughter, Alice, wrote the following poem:

MEMORIES

"I know a place, and know it well,
It is the distant Fontenelle;
Beside its swiftly flowing stream,
In thought again I sit and dream;
Dream of what, do I hear you say?
Of many and many a happy day,
Of towering peaks, so white and grand;
In that beautiful, beautiful sunshine land."

"Dream of the sage brush, gaunt and gray,
Which once held undisputed sway;
Where now the fields of waving grain
Stretch outward and onward across the plain.
Dream of the wonderful palisades
Rising straight from the meadow glades
Standing like sentinels, grim and tall,
Ever watching and guarding o'er all."

"I see again the eagles' flight
From their nests far up on the mountain height;

Fit dwellers are they of their lonely home,
Where never the feet of man can roam.
Dream of roaming the rocks among
With thoughts unspoken and songs unsung;
Awesome the silence is, no sound
Of beast or bird is heard around."

"Afar from all sounds of grief or mirth,
Where the winding Fontenelle has birth,
Is the canyon, glorious, deep and high,
Reaching far upward toward the sky.
No artist, with clever eye and hand
Has ever journeyed to this fair land,
And pictures engraved on heart and brain
Alone are left of hill and plain."

"Dreaming and dreaming of sad good byes,
Of scenes so dear to my tear-dimmed eyes;
Fond memories fill this aching heart,
As far from this land I dwell apart.
Oh! for a glimpse of those hills once more
Before I am called to that Silent Shore,
Where time is not measured by months or years,
And the days are not filled with thoughts and
tears."

(Signed) "A Dreamer."

During the fall of this same year Roney Pomeroy bought the cabins and claims of Dutch George and Mr. Pomeroy and his family lived there thru succeeding years.

While riding near Pine Grove south of Fontenelle on the emigrant road, Alf Pomeroy met the family of James Wright who had left Nebraska to locate a home farther west. After some conversation Alf persuaded the Wrights to come to Fontenelle. Mr. and Mr. Pomeroy, Sr., had recently moved into a large new house, substantially built and complete in every way. This house still stands as a monument to a family of enterprise and energy who had blazed the trail for those who followed. Alf Pomeroy generously offered the use of the original cabins occupied by his parents to the Wright family and his offer was accepted. The May following Miss Alice Pomeroy became the bride of Eugene Mathers of Buffalo, Wyoming. Rev. F. L. Arnold of Evanston traveled a distance of eighty miles to officiate at this marriage, the first in the history of the community. The

wedding gown was made en train with footing of lace and the color was ashes of roses. Mr. and Mrs. Mathers reside at Buffalo, Wyoming. Six weeks later Alf Pomeroy and Hattie Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wright, were married and located a mile west of his brother Roney.

April 20, 1880, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roney Pomeroy, their third child and on May 12th, twenty-two days later, a son was added to our household and "seven boys and girls were we." These two boys spent their boyhood days together, rode together after their stock and were as devoted and inseparable as Jonathan and David.

Due to the helpfulness and influence of Rev. F. L. Arnold, County Superintendent of Schools of Uinta County, a school was established with ten pupils enrolled and taught by Teddy O'Neill. M. E. Post ⁽⁵⁾ and Honorable Francis E. Warren ⁽⁶⁾ brot in the Spur herd of about 15,000 cattle in 1882 from the eastern part of the State and located a ranch at the mouth of the La Barge Creek, a tributary of Green River, twelve miles north of Fontenelle. All the small herds of cattle owned by the settlers were sold to Post and Warren so that at that time they controlled the cattle industry of Green River Valley. Mr. Warren was a member of the F. E. Warren Mercantile Company of Cheyenne and from him our first sewing machine was purchased. Roney Pomeroy also bought household furniture and when the furniture, shipped from Cheyenne to Green River was received, two high chairs were sent complimentary to the Pomeroy's for their two small children, Fannie and Frank.

A few years later Post and Warren sold the Spur outfit to Reel ⁽⁷⁾ and Friend. These men were also from Cheyenne. Joe Alford, foreman for Post and Warren, continued as foreman for Reel and Friend.

No provision was made for feeding cattle thru the winter as owners depended on grazing in the mountains in summer and driving to the desert east of Green River for winter grazing. The Spur employed about twenty cowboys and during the summer roundup when representatives were sent in from Bear Valley, Fort Bridger and other distant ranges, to gather cattle that had strayed, there were forty or more cowboys to be fed by William Wilson, the Spur cook, familiarly known as "Old Tug." This man was truly a marvel in his line, cooking over a camp fire using huge camp kettles for boiling

beef, beans and dried fruit and baking bread in a dutch oven.

My brother Charlie rode with the Spur and he learned to love these cowboys and appreciate the sterling worth of the gallant knights of the range, generous and helpful, willingly giving their last penny to one in need and always courteous to women. When the cattle camp was near our house Charlie brot his most intimate friends to our home to spend an evening. The boys far from home were eager for companionship and a bit of family life. My father was gifted as a reader and from his prized book "William Cullen Bryant's Collection of Poetry and Song" he read aloud to the appreciative audience of cowboys. In turn our family was invited to dinner at the cow camp. Mother would cook favorite dishes and take butter, eggs and deserts which were highly appreciated by the boys accustomed to the camp rations.

A United States survey was made in 1883 enabling the settlers to enter filings and gain title to their claims. Lines were run, irrigating ditches made and fences built in every valley from Fontenelle to Big Piney. Many new settlers came, crowding out the deer and antelope and compelling the Indians to seek trails in the higher mountains. The Indian village was replaced by the neat ranch house and barns.

As the county road crossed the valley thru our ranch and the road was about one hundred feet from our house it might truly be said that ours was a "house built by the side of the road." We were twenty-eight miles from Opal, a day's drive with team and wagon. Tourists came from the east and even from the British Isles to hunt big game in the mountains near the head of Green River and these strangers became our guests as they traversed between the railroad station and the hunting ground. To accommodate the traveling public, our house of hewed logs containing eight rooms was replaced by a frame building of fourteen rooms. We met many lightful people and counted the ranchmen and his family dwelling within a radius of two hundred miles friends and neighbors.

From 1883 my father ran a ferry on Green River twenty miles below Fontenelle for three consecutive seasons, going from the ranch in April and returning in August after the river became fordable. The cabin home on Green River served only as summer quarters

and therefore lacked the comforts afforded in the ranch house at Fontenelle, and when five children of our family were stricken with typhoid fever the second season at the Ferry much inconvenience and discomfort was endured. Having no near neighbors and unable to procure a doctor, my parents, assisted by the man who worked for us, nursed and cared for the sick. For six weeks I screamed and cried in delirium and would allow no hand save mother's to touch me. Six year old William—delicate from birth—succumbed to the malady and was buried near the cabin. A message sent to Dr. Harrison ⁽⁸⁾ at Evanston, Wyoming, failed to bring us medical aid as his professional services were required in his home town on account of the epidemic of typhoid fever. In after years mother marveled at the inexhaustable strength which bore her through those days and nights of ceaseless watching without rest or relaxation.

Long lines of covered wagons came daily to be ferried across the river, traveling from the east to the west and failing to find the land of their dreams, many returned from the west after making the long journey, going back to the old home state. Many herds of cattle, horses and sheep continued the drive to Nebraska as this was before the Oregon Short Line was built.

Rand and Riggs, mentioned above, with a herd of horses came to the ferry to cross their outfit,—ferrying wagons, saddle horses and their riders or drovers. Catching a boatload of small colts and ferrying them to the opposite bank of the river, the little animals were hog-tied and placed where the mothers could see their offspring, thus using them to decoy the frantic dams into the swollen, swirling river. One of the colts stumbled to the river bank and fell in. The mare from the opposite shore of the river recognized her colt and whinnying shrilly, the frenzied creature plunged into the river, passing the struggling colt in midstream. The colt, by the use of its free legs, two cross legs being tied, managed to keep afloat and was borne a mile down stream by the swiftly flowing river. Here the river made a sharp turn and the colt was drifted to a sandbar on the same side of the stream from which the boatload of colts was ferried. My brother Charlie mounted a horse and rode down to the stranded colt which he placed on his horse and carried back to the house. The owners of the herd were impatient at the delay and swore vengeance against the spirited mare, a high bred Lexington Father

offered a trade for the mare and colt which the drovers accepted as they were eager to get on the road. This colt was a dark brown in color with markings the color of a turtle dove on flanks and nose and because of this we named it Dove. When this colt was four years old Mr. Roney Pomeroy bought her for his wife who drove her single and Mrs. Pomeroy used to keep time in driving from her gate to ours, a distance of one mile, making the drive in six minutes.

In 1898 or 1899 Mrs. Pomeroy, being a guest at our house for the day, proposed that a telephone line be built from their house to ours, a distance of one mile. Father sat listening to the conversation and finally said, "Why not make it a thru line from Opal to Big Piney (sixty-five miles) with branch lines in valleys tributary to Green River Valley." Going to Opal the next day he talked with the merchants there who were quite willing to co-operate in building the proposed telephone line. The co-operation of the people living in Big Piney was also secured and in less than four months from the time Mrs. Pomeroy suggested the building of the neighborhood line, a community line was built and in operation supplying twenty homes with telephones. Previous to this, messages for medical aid, caskets to bury the dead and orders for cars for shipment of live stock, were carried by horsemen and if the emergency required great haste the rider was furnished with a fresh mount by the ranchmen living on the road from upper Green River country to Opal. Also a daily mail was in operation between Opal and New Fork, the Salt Lake City and Denver daily papers were received at midday at Fontenelle. The Green River basin had reached a high state of development. Every valley was filled with homes occupied by happy, contented families.

Another experience which occurred at the ferry was brot to our attention early one morning when a Frenchman named Louis Violette, a hired man, in great excitement called "Meester Holden, one tree on your cabull." Father dressed and quickly going to the river bank found that a tall green cottonwood tree which had been torn from the bank by the rushing water had hung on the cable by one big strong root and the power of the swollen stream forced the top of the tree to the bottom of the river, the tree acting as a prop to the cable which had loosened the guy posts on each bank. How to get the tree loose from the cable they did not

know. One of the men, there were three besides my father, suggested shooting the tree trunk full of bullet holes. Fortunately they had a supply of ammunition and too the two men and my father were excellent marksmen. By the use of a glass they could ascertain that they were hitting the tree and finally the weakened trunk gave way and the stretched and sagging cable swung and splashed into the water.

Our neighbor, Mr. Smith, offered to exchange his ranch for the ferry. As the Smith ranch adjoined our ranch on the east the exchange was made. Mr. Smith died soon after leaving Fontenelle, and Lizzie, the Indian woman, with her two sons, Ed and Albert Edwards, the daughter Alice having died several years before, moved to upper Green River country. Afterwards Ed, the eldest son, married Miss Minnie Kutch, a pretty half-breed Indian girl and it is said that their son was the first soldier from Wyoming to give his life in France in the late World War. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards reside at Cora, Wyoming, and are held in high regard.

The fall of 1889 father bought 250 head of cattle and 100 head of pure-bred Clydesdale horses from John B. Hunter of Buffalo, Illinois. Mr. Hunter had extensive holdings in land and live stock both in Idaho and Wyoming. Notes and mortgage for \$15,000.00 were given for security for the stock. No one living at that time will ever forget the winter that followed. My brother Charles was 21 years old December 9th and to celebrate the event invitations were sent bidding everyone living in Green River basin to attend Charlie's birthday dance. Snow fell all day preceding the party and the bidden guests traveled over the drifted roads, some from a distance of forty miles. The romance which culminated in the marriage a year later of my brother Charlie and Miss Nettie Alford began at this birthday dance. Snow storms and blizzards continued thruout the winter. The cattle which had been driven to the desert in the fall drifted back to the valleys and the starving creatures wandered and trailed about the fences enclosing the ranches. Ranchmen had not hay enough to feed their own stock thru the winter so that the cattle belonging to Spur and other big outfits were forced to starve. The dismal bawling of the frenzied creatures heard above the shriek of the blizard, night and day, was maddening.

Each morning my brother Clarence with a team of horses dragged the cattle that died at night from the

bed ground in the lane near our barn, leaving those too weak to stand and which would succumb the following night thus making a daily task of disposing of the carcasses. The roundup the summer following counted less than 800 head of Spur cattle out of 15,000 or more turned on the desert the preceding fall and there were thirty-two left of the cattle and only ten of the horses which we had bought from Mr. Hunter. The horses, saved thru the neighborliness of Alf Pomeroy who loaned us hay to keep the animals alive. Father wrote to Mr. Hunter of the loss of the stock and when, in the spring, Mr. Hunter arrived and talked over the situation he told my discouraged parent that he could obtain a judgment for the debt but said that that would benefit neither of them as father was already disheartened and incapable of making a great effort to pay when he was carrying so great a burden of debt. "And so," said Mr. Hunter, as he arose from his chair, "We will just begin all over again." He walked to the kitchen range, lifted a lid and laid the notes and mortgage in the fire. Mr. Hunter then proposed that my parents would keep the few cattle and horses saved from the past winter on terms where the young stock or increase would pay for the living stock and forget all about the loss of the main herd.

After brother Charlie's marriage my next older brother Clarence, secured the mail contract, delivery was made from Opal on the Oregon Short Line which had but recently been built.

During the term of contract with the Government for carrying the United States mail, my brother Clarence also transferred passengers and express and one evening in Sept. 1897, on his arrival home from Opal he had two passengers, Miss Cora House from Corine, Utah, and Thomas B. Crews, a lawyer from St. Louis, Missouri. While we were gathered at the evening meal, Mr. Crews told us that his mission to western Wyoming was that of locating the grave of Pinkney W. Sublette.⁽⁹⁾ That a suit involving the estate of the family of which Pinkney Sublette was a member was pending in the court of St. Louis and that he as attorney in the case wished to ascertain the date of Pinkney W. Sublette's death and if possible to learn whether or not he had left descendants. Mr. Crews had the deposition of a trapper named Mc Kenzie who had known Pinkney W. Sublette in the long ago. Mr. McKenzie stated that he had been at a ferry on Green River near the mouth of LaBarge Creek when

told of the illness and death of Sublette and that on going to Sublette's camp in Fontenelle Valley he had visited the newly made grave where Sublette had been buried, situated north of Fontenelle Creek one mile west of where the creek flowed into Green River

Upon hearing this my parents recalled to mind the lonely grave in the sagebrush dotted plain which lay between bottom land and the foothills near where D. B. Rathbun's first house had stood, but as there had been so many graves throughout that section of the country they had paid little or no attention to identification. My parents remembered also that this particular grave had been marked by an oval shaped headstone. But they told Mr. Crews that they thought his search would be in vain as the Rathbun house had long since been moved and for many years this plot of ground had been in cultivation and was now a meadow which extended far beyond where the grave was. Not to be daunted but firmly convinced that by the directions given in the deposition of Mr. McKenzie who had known the spot well before the ground had been seeded to meadow grass and had also seen it since, and he opined that the grave was near the northwest corner of a hay corral which was now near the center of the meadow. With team and light spring wagon, picks and shovels supplied by my brothers who were to go with Mr. Crews and assist in the search, the explorers were ready for the start when, lured by bright spring skies and the zest for adventure, my sister Minnie, our guest Miss House and I joined the three men in the drive to the field then owned by C. F. Roberson where the object of the search was supposed to be. We alighted from the buggy and after looking about and closely inspecting the recently mowed ground near the north west corner of the hay corral, Mr. Crews found a small piece of stone partly buried in the sod. Searching farther he found another piece of stone which fitted the first piece. Turning up a few shovels of sod my brother Clarence struck a flat stone and upon digging it out of the firmly packed soil, the stone was found to be oval shaped at one end and was nearly a foot in length. Brushing the soil from the face of the stone this inscription was plainly discernable: "P. W. S., D. 1865." After digging to a depth of four and a half or five feet a long narrow layer of flat stones was found and lifting these stones a human skeleton was exposed lying in a V shaped trough of flat stones. The skull and larger



Mrs. Roney Pomeroy and great-great grandchild, Frances Marguerite Tomlinson, born November 15, 1926.

bones were intact but had fallen apart. Quietly and with reverence the bones were lifted and wrapped in a carriage robe and with the headstone were put in the buggy and with this grawsome find we drove homeward, our free happy spirits of the morning gone, each one filled with thots of the scout and trapper who had broken the trail to the west—had suffered hunger, cold and all the inconveniences of a life lived on the border and when the “long, long day was over” he had been laid in a rock lined grave.

Carefully packing the skeleton in a small box and making a case for the headstone, Mr. Crews labeled the skeleton “Exhibit ‘A’” and the headstone was marked “Exhibit ‘B’” and both packages shipped to Circuit Court of St. Louis.

Mr. Crews, delighted and charmed with the freshness and freedom of our west stayed over for a week. Having spent all his life in St. Louis, the fishing, shooting and horseback riding were a source of delight to the man from the city and on the eve before his departure after returning from a hike with my brother Howard to a high pinnacle or peak jutting out from the ridge north of our old home where we, as children, had played at keeping store and where the precious packages of our huge stock of imaginary groceries were still on the shelves of rock in the sandstone caves of the mount, Mr. Crews said “I wish that my lot had been cast in Fontenelle Valley.”

The mysterious witness, Mr. McKenzie, must have felt the same charm for the Valley as he came again and again after years of absence to the old rendezvous of hunter and trapper. Uncommunicative and alone he tramped along the winding stream,—supposedly fishing —no one knowing his name or that he had any connection with the history of the valley before the advent of permanent settlement until Mr. Crews brot the information that this old recluse had known Sublette and knew his last resting place. The last time Mr. McKenzie came to the Fontenelle Valley he came to our house and asked to rest awhile in our bunk house. He was old and looked weak and ill. Soon after he laid down on one of the beds, the hired man came to us to say that the old gentleman was singing. We found him delirious, singing over and over the old hymn so universally loved by the darkies—“There is rest for the weary—There is rest —Sweet rest.” We had him taken to the hospital at

Rock Springs where he died soon after his arrival. However, he must have regained consciousness after he left us, as a few weeks after his death we received a letter from a lady in Missouri thanking us for our kindness and care given to Mr. McKenzie, explaining that he and she had been sweethearts in the long ago but giving no further information regarding the mysterious silence which the old man had always maintained in regard to his past.

Mail was delivered three times a week from Opal to New York. Brother Clarence deducted a wage of \$35.00 per month from the contract price, turning balance to assist my parents in paying their debts and paying household expense. My younger brother Howard, a boy of eleven, herded and cared for the stock and assisted in the ranch work and harvest. These were hard times for all of us, not only our immediate family but the families about us, as the hard winter had left the majority of ranchmen in hard circumstances. But thru perseverance, economy and the patient kindly aid of our creditors, bankers and merchants, extending time on notes and accepting small payments on debts, the ranchmen were enabled to regain their heavy loss and to attain the ease and comfort so richly deserved by hard work and stick-to-it-ivness. My mother was a most sincere Christian and thru all the trouble and hardship her unfailing faith remained steadfast and true. When obstacles blocked our way a walk under a starlit sky would renew her courage and cheer.

The passing years were complete with happiness and contentment. We were fortunate in securing refined, intelligent teachers in the schools and nearly every home contained at least one musical instrument. The current magazines were found in the homes. No finer group of young people could be found than in Fontenelle Valley. We rode horseback, had fish fries and picnics in the summer and sleighing, dancing and card parties in the winter. Relatives, teachers and strangers who visited in the valley were loth to leave and usually came back to stay.

Ariel Hansen and wife bought the cabin and claim of Shade Large who with his family went to Henry's Fork, Wyoming. Mr. Hansen was a nephew of the late A. C. Beckwith of Evanston, Wyoming. A sister, Miss Eva Hansen, came from Ohio to visit her brother. Miss Hansen was a qualified teacher and the school trustees were gratified when she consented to accept the posi-

tion as teacher of the district school and remain in the community. Miss Hansen taught two consecutive terms of school, then gave up the profession to become the wife of George L. McCray, a nephew of D. B. Rathbun. Mr and Mrs. McCray located a ranche near that of Mr. Hansen in the western end of the valley. However neither of these families felt the call of the west sufficiently to remain but sold their homes to the "Kansas Boys" three young men who were from White Cloud, Kansas, Charles Birkhalter, managing the McCray ranch, Russ Fornicrook the Hansen ranche, while the third man, Charles Sullivan, madé his home on a parcel of land purchased from Charles Rathbun situated between Alf Pomeroy's ranche and that owned by D. B. Rathbun. The Hansen ranche has changed ownership several times but is now the home of my brother Clarence where with his wife and daughters he has resided since 1913.

Alf Pomeroy bought Mr. Sullivan's land which is now a part of the estate owned by the heirs of Alf Pomeroy.

In 1888 a young man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Herschler (Mrs. Herschler a sister of Mrs. D. B Rathbun, then living), established a home near the Fontenelle Canyon in the extreme western part of the valley. The home is in a beautiful setting surrounded by a high range of mountains—the divide between the valley and Fontenelle basin. The canyon "glorious, deep and high" thru which Fontenelle creek flows cuts thru this range of mountains, making the view from the home one of grandeur and beauty at all seasons of the year.

In the spring and summer the green groves of quaking aspen against the mountains arrest and hold the eye but in autumn when these same groves are splotches of red and gold the scene is one of indescribable beauty. The spirit of hospitality pervaded the home of the Herschlers. During the summer the house was filled with guests who stayed for weeks enjoying not only the privileges of the home but were privileged to use saddles and horses—all this without compensation to their hosts. Appreciation is not always shown in such cases, but the following will show that recipients of entertainment received from these great hearted people were glad of an opportunity to make a return. Mr. Herschler owned several bands of sheep and for winter grazing these herds with neighboring flocks were driven to the desert east of the Green River. A dead line had been established by mutual

agreement, the northern range for cattle, southern for sheep and sheep that drifted north of this line were removed by force; by the cattle men often resulting in severe loss to the sheep owner. One winter sheep had been driven far out on the desert when a fierce blizzard and snow storm caused the herds of Mr. Herschler to drift into the cattle range. The deep snow made it impossible to move the sheep and so the camp mover, after several days of slow traveling, as the snow was so deep that in drifts it reached the sides of the horse, arrived at the ranche and acquainted Mr. Herschler with the facts. With pack horses laden with bedding, food and grain for the horses Mr. Herschler and the camp mover made the return trip to the sheep camp. Deeply troubled because his sheep had trespassed and anxious and worried too, fearing the consequence, imagine the pleased surprise and great relief to Mr. Hershler to find that the cattle men of that vicinity on ascertaining whose the sheep were, had with teams and bob sleds loaded with hay trailed the sheep to the nearest ranche where they were fed and cared for until the melting snow permitted the owner to remove his herds to the home range. Six years ago our good friend, Mr. Herschler, was called to the house of "many mansions" but in the hearts and lives of the men and women who revered and loved him he still lives. In problems where right and justice are involved these men and women are asking themselves "In such a case, what would Jake Herschler have done?" Mrs. Herschler lives at Big Piney near the two daughters, Mrs. Fred Beck and Mrs. Jesse Fuller. Canyon Ranche, where the Herschlers lived for so many happy years, is the home of the only son, (Edgar (Ned), where he with his wife and young son are dispensing the same hospitable friendliness that has ever radiated from that house of the open door.

Sheepmen and cattlemen dwelt in harmony in the Fontenelle valley, exchanging help in branding stock, threshing, etc., mingling in good fellowship. The wild and wooly west depicted by film, the cowboy wearing chaps, spurs, six-shooters and sombrero in dance halls and in the presence of ladies was unknown. Only two hold-ups or robberies were known in the history of the settlement. First of these occurring when Mrs. Swan and Mr. Leifer, early settlers in Big Piney were robbed of jewelry and a small amount of cash soon after reaching their new location.

August 19, 1898, D. B. Budd, ⁽¹⁰⁾ postmaster and merchant of Big Piney, was robbed by five strangers, who dismounted from their horses, entered the store and ordered a bill of groceries which they stored in pack bags as the order was filled. Three men then rode away leading the pack horses. The remaining two men went into the store, presumably to settle the bill, but surprised Mr. Budd by pulling their guns, relieving him of his watch and money and even searched the pockets of Henry, Mr. Budd's small son, finding a five-dollar bill which they added to the collection. The bandits then backed out of the store, mounted their horses and galloped after their companions. A posse followed and trailed the bandits into a rocky gorge. As the trail was fresh and easily seen the posse were trailing at a lively pace when they were startled by a rain of bullets from the guns of the bandits ambushed behind the boulders. One of the bullets clipped a thumb from the hand of Tobe Houston, one of the posse who rode in the lead. Realizing the futility of the chase the pursuing party wheeled their horses and rode for home, leaving the outlaws to go their way.

Three years later the greatest tragedy known in that part of Wyoming occurred when brother Charlie, who was deputy sheriff under Sheriff Frank James, was murdered in an attempt to arrest a young man wanted for raising a check. By untiring energy and good business my brother had become one of the leading ranchmen at Big Piney and thru his warm-hearted cheeriness had won the place of general favorite in the entire community. My brother's wife and small two-year-old daughter lived in our home the greater part of the first year following my brother's death and the child was idolized by her grandparents. But my mother did not recover from this terrible sorrow and passed away February 11, 1907, at the age of 68 years. Had she lived until March 9th my parents would have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. My father, lonely and dissatisfied, left the old home in Fontenelle, spending the winters in California and returning to the ranch for the summer seasons.

Father was public spirited and had held several important offices. Was postmaster for several years, also served on the board of school trustees, and thru the influence of Reel and Friend, well known thruout the state, he was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Conven-

tion in 1889 and later he received the appointment of United States Land Commissioner in which office he served for twenty years and entry for the majority of homes in Green River valley was made before him.

In April, 1911, father sold the ranch to my youngest brother, Howard and wife. My sister Minnie and myself, who had continued to live under the parental roof, also sold our livestock and land to Howard and we accompanied father to Riverside, California, where we have since resided. Two years later, December 20th, 1913, father died and his remains were taken to the old ranch in Fontenelle and there he was buried by mother, on a little knoll overlooking the valley and home where the happiest years of their life had been lived. It is just fifty years, 1877-1927—since my parents moved into the cabin on the Fontenelle. Of the eleven adults who made the first settlement two, only, are living. Those two are Mrs. Roney Pomeroy at Whittier, California, and Mrs. Alice Mathers at Buffalo, Wyoming. May 15th of this year Mrs. Pomeroy celebrated her 77th birthday. Much of the information contained in this article was supplied by Mrs. Pomeroy. Father and Mother Pomeroy, Roney and Alf crossed to the Great Beyond many years ago. The two latter passing when they should have been in their prime. Mr. Rathbun died a few weeks before father died, Mrs. Rathbun having preceded her husband several years.

My sister, Mrs. Charles Bird, died New Year's Day, 1922, leaving a husband and a large family of children, so that only four of our family are left—two brothers, Clarence and Howard at Fontenelle, Wyoming, and my sister and self in Riverside, California.

A few years ago while in Monterey, California, I found the following verse written over the door of the dressing room in the oldest theatre in California, built in 1847. The lines bring to mind the actors that played so splendid a part in the life lived in those days in Fontenelle valley, and seem fitting to close my history—

"Ponder just a little all ye who enter here

And try to think what kind of plays they used to act
in here.

'Twas tragedy and comedy and now and then a farce
At Xmas time a pantomime and then a social dance

And tho the actors all have gone

Their ghosts sometimes play here

They make the old Theatre ring

"Till daylight doth appear."

FOOTNOTES

- (1) Seat of government of Sweetwater County.
- (2) In September, 1868, the Union Pacific Railway reached this point. Elevation 6,340 feet. A machine shop and a round-house of twelve stalls was built and the new town of Bryan became an important distributing point to the South Pass mining district. Bryan is now a "ghost town." See Crofutt's Transcontinental Tourist Guide.
- (3) Mr. Rathbun remained on this ranch until 1891 when he retired and moved to Evanston. He was a splendid type of citizen.
- (4) In southern Wyoming—tributary to the Green River.
- (5) M. E. Post, Territorial Delegate to Congress from Wyoming in 1881-1885.
- (6) Francis E. Warren was appointed Territorial Governor of Wyoming in 1885 and again in 1889; he became the state's first governor, assuming his office October 11, 1890. In 1891 the Legislature elected him to the United States Senate which position he still holds. His present term expires March 4, 1931.
- (7) A. H. Reel, popularly called "Heck," was a widely known freighter and cattleman. He was a member of the Territorial Assembly in 1875 and a member of the Territorial Council in 1881 and in 1889; served many times as member of the House of Representatives in State Legislature and was twice State Senator; he was mayor of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and a member of City Council. He died on his La Barge ranch in October, 1900. See Wyoming Historical Collections, Robert Morris, 1897; Progressive Men of Wyoming, page 287; Annals of Wyoming, October, 1900.
- (8) Dr. Harrison located in Evanston, Uinta County, Wyoming, in 1872 and resided there continuously until the time of his death, December 28, 1925, an honored and beloved citizen. He was the ranking physician and surgeon in the state in point of years of continuous practice and he had been one of the original five Union Pacific surgeons in Wyoming Territory. He had served in the second territorial legislature, was county commissioner for four years and county treasurer for six years of Uinta County.
- (9) An early day trapper and explorer in what is now Wyoming. He was a brother of William and Milton Sublette.
- (10) Settled at Big Piney, Sublette County, then Uinta County, in 1880; died there in 1902 an honored and highly respected citizen.

THE NAMING OF MOUNT OWEN.

A short time ago I received a letter from a friend in Chicago, which made me supremely happy. He advised me that he had just received an official communication from the National Board of Geographic Names, at Washington, D. C., informing him that that body had, by unanimous vote, named one of the great Teton peaks for me. My friend further wrote that this great honor was conferred upon me in recognition of pioneering work and mountaineering done by me in the Teton Mountains, and added that I had reason to feel flattered by this action of the board because it is their custom not to affix a man's name to any geographic feature while he is yet alive.

My friend enclosed a copy of the official letter. Of course, I was delighted beyond measure, and my joy was further enhanced when I observed that this official letter was signed by Frank Bond, as chairman of the board—my old high-bicycle friend of 1882-3-4 and 5!

I am going to set down a little history in connection with the naming of this peak in order that it may become a part of that which has already been written concerning this superb range of mountains in northwestern Wyoming.

I was summering in Jackson, Wyoming, last year, Mrs. Owen and I at the time occupying cabin No. 7 on "Gasoline Alley," at the Crabtree Hostelry. There came to our cabin one day a gentleman who introduced himself as F. M. Fryxell, geologist from the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois. He wished to make an ascent of the Grand Teton and having heard that I could probably give him necessary information, asked me if I could recommend a good man to accompany him on the trip. I gave him the name of Paul Petzoldt, the youth who has made more ascents of the Grand Teton than any other man, living or dead. Not long after, Mr. Fryxell made the ascent and, as was to be expected, fell under the dread fascination of those truly delectable mountains. He immediately planned other ascents, and, utterly unknown to me, one of them was to be the sharp pinnacle about half a mile northeasterly from the Grand Teton for the express purpose, if he succeeded in reaching the summit, of naming that peak for me! But an untoward turn of affairs compelled Mr. Fryxell's return to Chicago and the ascent had to be abandoned.

In a conversation I had with Mr. Fryxell afterward,

he expressed the opinion that one of the Teton peaks should be named for me on account of my exploration work there and having made the first ascent of the mountain in the range. I told him that I had frequently expressed a desire to have my name attached to the mountains in some way but did not know just how to proceed to bring it about.

Did my good friend Fryxell drop the matter there? He did not. He kept the iron sizzling every moment, and by a proper showing secured official action of the National Board of Geographic Names whereby one of the great granite shafts of the Teton Range was officially named Mt. Owen. Following is an exact copy of the Board's Letter to Mr Fryxell, advising him of their action:

United States Geographic Board,
Washington,
Room 5329, Interior Building,
October 8, 1927.

Prof. F. M. Fryxell,
Augustana College,
Rock Island, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

You will be interested in learning that the United States Geographic Board, without division, at the regular meeting on October 5th, 1927, adopted the name "Mt. Owen" for the lofty peak of the Teton Range located one-half mile north of the Grand Teton which he ascended so many years ago

Very truly yours,
FRANK BOND,
Chairman.

In its regular printed official circular issued from time to time by the United States Geographic Board, the issue of October 5, 1927, contains among other decisions, the following note: "OWEN: Peak, (Mount Owen, 13,-400 feet high), Teton County, Wyoming, one-half mile north of the Grand Teton. **After William O. Owen, who made the first successful ascent of the Grand Teton, August 11, 1898.**" (The black face are mine.)

I wish to call particular attention to this statement of the Geographic Board for here we have the official unqualified indorsement of the highest tribunal in the United States of my claim that my party were the first human beings to reach the summit of the Grand Teton. There is no higher authority in this country on questions

of this character and the vote of the Board was unanimous. The Geographic Board doesn't base its findings on hearsay and wild claims; it must have evidence from unprejudiced sources before making a decision.

The splendid peak in whose christening by the Geographic Board I have been so signally honored, is a magnificent spire of granite standing right alongside of the Grand Teton and is the second highest point in the entire range. It is the sharpest pinnacle of all the Teton spires and, in my judgment, will prove a more difficult climb than even the Grand Teton. Its summit is still virgin although several attempts have been made to scale it. Mt. Owen stands northeasterly from the Grand Teton, and, with the two great peaks southwest of the last named, constitutes a group that might very appropriately be named the "Four Tetons." These four granite spires lie northeasterly and southwesterly from each other with space intervals of from half to three-quarters of a mile between them.

Mt. Owen stands farthest north with an altitude of 12,910; next comes the Grand Teton, 13,747; then the Middle Teton, 12,769; and last, the South Teton with an altitude of approximately 12,500. These four Tetons are the highest points in the range and Mt. Moran, I believe, is fifth, with an altitude of just over 12,000 feet.

The altitude of the Grand Teton was determined to a great degree of precision by the U. S. Geological Survey—certainly to within five feet. Wishing to know the altitude of several other summits, in 1925, assisted by Mr. George D. Corwine, and his assistant, Leslie Peter, of the Wyoming State Highway Department, I made a series of triangulations to determine the position and elevation of several peaks in the vicinity of the Grand Teton. I had a fine base line in the valley, accurately measured and of ample length, and all the angles, both vertical and horizontal, were read by three of us, insuring a perfect check. The calculations were made by myself and checked by Mr. Corwine's assistant. We agreed perfectly. As a result of these calculations I found the altitude of Mt. Owen to be 12,910 feet and that of the Middle Teton to be 12,769. For the position of Mt. Owen I found that its summit from the summit of the Grand Teton bears N. 33 degrees-03' E. 2478.40 feet.

I am happy, indeed, to have my name linked with these noble mountains, more especially so because the Geographic Board bestowed this honor upon me in recog-

nition of my exploration in that country and of our first ascent of the Grand Teton. The Wyoming people, and the public generally, outside of the state, have stood by me loyally in my long controversy with Mr. Langford who claims to have climbed the peak in 1872; and now I wish to ask them to go a step farther and give a hearty endorsement to the action of the National Geographic Board in bestowing my name on one of the great Teton peaks.

I first heard of the Grand Teton in 1882. I was camping with Hon. John W. Hoyt at the time—one time Governor of Wyoming and later president of its university. Whatever his peculiarities he was a thorough scholar, a most charming conversationalist, and one of the best informed men I have ever met. In a talk one day about the Alps we drifted to Wyoming peaks. I asked him if in Wyoming we had anything comparable with that European range. He said: "We have just one range—the Tetons." He asked me if I had ever seen the Grand Teton. I said I had not. "Well," he replied, "if you want to climb a **real** mountain just try your hand on that peak." "It is the greatest mountain in this country and **has never been climbed!**" Note that this conversation was held in 1882—ten years after Langford's attempted ascent. It didn't appear to me then that I was to be the first man on the summit of that peak.

This conversation with Governor Hoyt fired me with an ambition to climb the Grand Teton and it finally became an obsession with me. But it was nine years after that talk before I made my first attempt on the peak. M. B. Dawson and wife, of Laramie, together with Mrs. Owen and myself, going in from the Idaho side, attacked the peak in 1891, and we all reached a point only 700 feet below the summit. This is the first attempt ever made by women. On this occasion I got my first peep of the Jackson Hole country, and I liked it so well that upon my return home I applied for and secured a government contract for the survey of various sections and township lines in that locality. It was the first government survey ever made in Jackson Hole—1892 and 1893.

Following the year 1891 I made repeated efforts to scale the Grand Teton but failure was my portion till arrived the happy day of August 11, 1898, when four of us reached the summit. This was undoubtedly the first complete ascent ever made, and the official endorsement

of this claim, first by the Board of County Commissioners of Teton County, Wyoming, next by the State Legislature of Wyoming, and now by the National Board of Geographic Names, at Washington, D. C., in each case by **unanimous vote**, has forever removed the question from the realm of controversy and put the quietus on a contention that raged for nearly thirty years.

For nearly forty years now I have been telling the world of the magnificence and wonderful scenic beauty of the Teton Mountains, and the people are just beginning to realize what a prize Wyoming has in the northwest corner of that great commonwealth. The Teton Mountains, in point of scenic beauty and rugged grandeur have no rival in this country. The range is about 75 miles long and extends from Pitchstone Plateau, in the Yellowstone Park, to a point about six miles north of the grand canyon of the Snake River (the "Mad River" of the Astorians) through which it flows before passing into Idaho. In that entire distance the range fairly bristles with pinnacles running from ten thousand to nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

There is a fascination about these mountains that I am utterly unable to explain, fathom, or understand. The great feature of their impressiveness, I think, is the startling abruptness with which they rise from the floor of the valley. There are no foothills. One can step from a boat on the west shore of Jenny Lake and immediately begin the ascent of the Grand Teton whose eastern slope rises from the lake in an unbroken sweep of seven thousand feet to the summit of the great peak, whose tip kisses the blue 13,747 feet above the sea. One can stand at the east base of the range, **only four miles from the summit**, right on the floor of the valley, at an altitude of only 6,500 feet, and see every yard of the south slope of the Grand Teton from base to tip! I don't think you can duplicate this anywhere else in the United States. I have tramped, surveyed, and hunted over the Teton Mountains till I have come to love them, dream of them. And I think you will pardon me for exulting just a little bit over the fact that I was the head of the first party that ever reached the summit of Wyoming's great mountain and that recognition of that achievement by the highest authority in this country has just been announced to the world. Not many of the Teton peaks have been named. One has been christened

Moran, another Buck Mountain, and now to these must be added Mt. Owen.

The Teton Mountains are the Alps of America. They have no rival in this country. Their wild and rugged beauty with absence of anything like foothills gives them an impressiveness and titanic grandeur that beggars description, and puts them in a class by themselves. They are Wyoming's noblest scenic possession and the world is just becoming aware of that fact. If you see them once, the picture will never fade from your mind. Nowhere else in this great country of ours has Nature painted so grand a picture.

TO MOUNT OWEN

From out the forest's depths of pine
Where lakes of silvery surface shine
You rear your form old mountain, gray,
To catch from Sol his pristine ray.

The billowy clouds that deck the sky
Oft form thy crown O! mountain high;
A coronet superb, I ween,
So far above the forest green!

Ten times ten thousand years have flown
Since first thy mighty form was thrown
From depths so great to heights sublime
No mountaineer could hope to climb.

Vast fields of snow and ice so cold
Thine armor is, O! Teton bold—
Defense sufficient to this time
To ward off all attempts to climb.

Thy brow no human foot e'er pressed!
No flag e'er fluttered from thy crest!
Superb, magnificent art thou!
No christening hast thou known till now!

Mount Owen, Hail! We welcome thee
To join the noble coterie—
That rugged, granite Teton band
Which has no peer throughout the land!

WILLIAM O. OWEN,

529 West Third Street,
Los Angeles, California.



—Courtesy of the Highway Department.
Mt. Owen is the sharp pinnacle in front of and to the right of the Grand Teton.

HOWARD MICHAEL

Dictated in August 1925

88 Years of Age

I was born in Virginia in 1838, leaving there when one year old and coming to Iowa when four years old, my youth being spent there. At that time Iowa was a wild state. In '61 I left there and crossed the Missouri River, leaving the Fort called Military Bridge—at that time near the present site of Omaha with a mule team going across Nebraska to Ash Hollow. This was the place where General Harney had killed all of the Indians, men, women and children, the Indians being very troublesome at the time.

Ash Hollow was a canyon on the south side of North Platte River just across the river from the present site of the town of Lewellen, Nebraska, is about six miles long from the head of the canyon. The year of '63 it was just a stage station on the Overland Trail, trail going down the canyon and crossing the North Platte to the site at this place.

It was a number of years before that General Harney had his fight here. Part of the Indians killed there were just returning from a massacre at the Big Sandy. There were just a few stone buildings here at this time, and part of the walls were still standing a few years ago, the writer spent his youth here. The folks moved to this country in '84. Can remember when skulls and human bones were very plentiful there, but do not know if they were Indians' or white men's bones. Having picked bushels of choke cherries, plums, currants—three kinds, and grapes here as they were very plentiful then.

There were three graves at the mouth of the canyon on the left hand side as the road turned up the Platte Valley; the graves were there when I first went there. They were immigrants that were killed by the Indians. It had been laid out as a cemetery a few years back, and the most of the people who die in this part are buried there now where the three graves are.

The train of 48 teams was loaded with a consignment of corn for Denver. The owners were Peck & Wood. At Ash Hollow I quit the outfit and stayed there until spring when I went back to Omaha, the trip taking four months. I next took a position driving stage out of Des Moines, Iowa, to Odell, Iowa. In March I quit that and hired out to Ben Holiday, coming to Virginia Dale in '64. I drove three teams over this route from Virginia Dale

to Laramie River, close to where Wood's Landing is. In a short time I changed to the route from Big Laramie to Rock Creek Crossing. Rock Creek Crossing was a stage station on the Rock Creek at the present site of Arlington. There was a stage station and also a toll bridge located there on the Overland Trail. At that time all the buildings were on the south side of Rock Creek at Old Rock Creek.

Old Rock Creek located on Rock Creek was on the railroad but that part of the track had been abandoned about 23 years ago. Later years town was on the North side of the Creek and ten miles from Rock River, the nearest point of railroad. A number of people were buried on the north side of the creek, about one hundred yards below the bridge. There were also some log cabins close where they were buried. All signs of graves and buildings are gone. The three men killed at Three Mile Crossing on Three Mile Creek on Overland Trail were buried here. Rock Creek was a freighting station. All the Government freight was hauled from here to all the surrounding forts. There were four saloons, one big hotel, blacksmith shop and store. G. D. Thayer owning store, blacksmith shop and hotel. A great many freight wagons were made here at this blacksmith shop (G. D. Thayer was a son of Governor Thayer.)* It was a busy place in those days. There was a Government Commissary located here. Thayer afterwards sold out when the freighting business fell through and went to Meeker, Colorado, and started a bank at that place. It was a great shipping place at that time. Ar-buckle and Wilds had fourteen six mule teams hauling from this place. Most outfits used oxen as they have greater endurance on a long haul and although slower, will out travel horses and mules on a long trip. The Indians were very troublesome there, having killed a number of people. Three were killed at Three Mile Crossing on Three Mile Creek on Overland Crossing.

After five months I transferred to the route from Rock Creek to Medicine Bow Crossing. Medicine Bow Crossing was a stage station on the Overland Trail. There was also a toll bridge here. It was located where the present town of Elk Mountain now is. Mrs. Perry Townsend was the station keeper here and her husband drove stage days after having made the change with me. I asked her if she was not afraid to be alone, she said "No. If I was I would not

*J. M. Thayer was Ty. Gov. of Wyo., from Feb. 10, 1875 to April 10, 1878.

be here." I then asked her if she did not get lonesome, and she said when she did she took the six shooters and went out and practiced at a target. After two months there I changed off with Perry Townsend, who was a station keeper and a married man, so he could be home nights with his wife.

I was next sent to Bridger Pass, the owners of the line being unable to keep men there very long at a time. This was owing to the fact that it was a very dangerous country and the entire trip was through a canyon. However I was there 22 months without losing my scalp.

In the year '67 I was transferred to Bitter Creek, driving to Separation Rock. After three months my route was changed from Bitter Creek to Point of Rocks. Point of Rocks was then a freighting station freighting north to Lander and beyond.

I then quit driving stage and going to Denver went to work for Major & Russell, a bull outfit freighting from there to Fort Phil Kearney loading with Government corn, half of which was loaded for Fort Mitchell on the Loup River in Nebraska. We were 30 days making the trip. I quit here and hired out to a mule outfit coming to Fort Laramie on the North Platte and from Fort Laramie to Cheyenne.

I next loaded out for Fort Laramie and on return loaded out for Fort Reno on Powder River. I was over two months on this trip and on returning the stock was turned out for the winter. In the spring I yoked up and pulled out for Fort Laramie with Government stores. Was 35 days on the trip. Game was very plentiful here at all times. In those days the people lived mostly on the meat of elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep and all kinds of game birds. Buffalo never were west of the Black Hills except in small bands. What few there were were killed off in the hard winter of '57 when the Indians lost all of their ponies. Kit Carson and Jim Bridger made their stakes by going to Arizona buying ponies and returning and trading them to the Indians for furs.

After my return from Fort Laramie I loaded out for the Red Cloud Agency and upon returning to Cheyenne loaded out for Spotted Tail Agency which was located where the present Rose Bud Agency now is. This was about the year '75 and the Indians were making trouble at the Agency. We were loaded with bacon and after the bacon was unloaded the Indians ran their horses over the piles of meat, scattering it in the sand, which was about

two feet deep. There were four companies of soldiers stationed there but the soldiers never made a move because a single shot fired would have been a signal for a massacre just as happened at Fort Kearney in the year '66, there being 40,000 warriors here.

The Indians pulled down the flag and tore it to pieces before the soldiers and they were compelled to ignore it. (I had left Fort Kearney in the year '66 just before the massacre, traveling day and night with 200 wood choppers) The Red Cloud Agency was removed the next spring. While I was there I saw some of the most beautiful Indian bead work and I tried for several days to buy it, offering as high as \$450.00 for it. It was on two entire hides of Buffalo and was a complete picture of the Fort Kearney massacre all done in beads. The buck said it took the squaw five years to make it and refused to sell it or trade it.

(While at Fort Laramie the entire freight outfit was pressed into service hauling supplies for the railroad. We were guided by Jim Bridger, going to Rock Creek by the "Collins cut off". The Collins cut off went due south until it crossed the Big Laramie River about six miles from the fort. Fort Laramie was just in the fork where the Laramie ran into the Platte road then went due west coming up a canyon through the Black Hills (do not know the name). An army officer by the name of Trotter was the first to come over this route with teams. There was just a dim trail. He had Jim Bridger to guide him through the same as we had. After crossing the hills the road or trail ran almost straight to Rock Creek.) Camped one night at a lake about four miles from Rock Creek. This lake had a name then, a soldier having been found dead there, he having deserted at Fort Laramie. He had come by way of the Collins Cutoff and had perished for want of water. I think the name came from the guide who first found this route. Major & Bennett had the contract for furnishing all supplies for the railroad company and we hauled for several months from the end of steel to construction gangs ahead until snow fell and I got caught in a blizzard and nearly froze to death. It was a three day storm, but I finally arrived in Rock Creek and turned the stock out for the winter.

The next spring I loaded out Government stores for Fort Halleck, returning to Fort Laramie and from there going to Cheyenne and loaded out for Fort Reno again. On this trip we had a brush with the Indians on "Moss Agate" hill southeast of Glenrock. There were ten teamsters and two others along. When the reds attacked the teams

were coralled with a hot fire. They were stopped except one Indian who rode full tilt for the wagons, everyone shooting at him until his horse fell dead. The brave took refuge behind the dead horse, but all guns were turned loose on the dead horse shooting through him and killing the Indian. The horse was fairly shot to pieces. The others left then after this reception, coming back as soon as we left for the dead brave. We saw no more Indians until we arrived on Dry Fork of Powder River, 16 miles of road here being in the bed of the creek. We camped at noon under a bluff and while eating our dinner seated around the fire the redskins opened fire from the top of the bluff. One man fell over dead and the dinner was scattered in the dirt. By the time we got on top of the bluff the reds were gone. We went on to mouth of the creek where we camped that night, arriving at Fort Reno the next day and unloaded. The redskins attacked the post that evening, the fight lasting about two hours. Two soldiers were wounded but we had no way of knowing how many Indians were killed or wounded as the redskins always removed their dead and wounded whenever they could.

(We left the next day for the Fort and nooned where we nooned in the canyon the day before. We were fired on again but no one was hurt. Leaving there we saw no more Indians until we arrived at Sage Creek when they attacked again but were driven off by a few close by. Arrived at Fort Fetterman, then on to Cheyenne turning stock out for the winter.)

In the spring of '76 I hired out to General Crook as a scout. We had over one hundred head of cattle along for beef for the soldiers. The first night we camped on Sage Creek. That night the redskins crawled upon a night herder, Jim Wright, and killed him. The next day we moved to Powder River where the reds attacked again, but no one was injured. This was the year of the Custer Massacre and was the spring campaign, General Crook afterward being on the summer campaign when he was sent to the relief of Custer. Upon the fourth day after moving up the Powder River and while scouting along a pine ridge, I discovered two reds looking out from behind the trees. I reported this to General Crook and he said to pass on by them and not to let them know we had seen them. Going on about a mile we crossed a trail the redskins had made while crossing with 1,800 head of horses which were being taken to their warriors. The General then ordered the two companies and four scouts to follow their trail. We followed the trail all night, riding at a

gallop as the moonlight was bright and the trail easy to follow. At dawn we came to the top of a hill. On either side was an arroya or deep gulch. The Indians were camped at the mouth. There were twenty-five lodges and twenty-five Indians to a lodge, as they usually lived.

Captain Egan having charge told Major Noyes to charge down one ride and he would go down the other so as not to cross fire into each other and they would not let one of the Indians get away. Major Noyes, after going part way, ordered his men to dismount and make coffee. Captain Egan arriving at the agreed point, attacked, but having no support had a terrible fight. All the horses of his command were killed but one. Each soldier was supplied with two, as were also the scouts. Four soldiers were killed and fifteen wounded within a few moments.

After a lull in the shooting and having had nothing to eat and being about starved, I thought I could get into the Indian camp and find something to eat. I had wormed myself nearly there when a number of the Indians spied me and cut loose from all different directions. I got in between two stumps and some of the soldiers seeing what was going on, they cut loose at the reds, and I crept on very carefully into the Indian camp. I found a big kettle of venison on the fire and took it up and started eating when a soldier came up and seating himself facing me, started to help me eat it. Seeing some rubbish keep moving, I got up and walking over, pulled out a papoose about two feet long, and threw it down again. There was so much noise from the wounded men, Indians and horses I could not hear anything but these noises; but going a little way found a squaw, the mother of the papoose which she had hidden under the rubbish. She had been shot through the body in spite of which she had tried to kill the soldier, but he killed her with the butt of his rifle.

The redskins having all hidden behind the rocks and trees, the officer ordered us to pile up the tepees and tanned hides. They were covered with the finest bead work in designs and I would have liked to have kept some of them. I hated to put them on the fire, but had no way of getting them away.

After burying our own dead we all went to where Major Noyes was. Captain Egan drew his sword and threatened to cut off Major Noyes' head, calling him a dirty coward and placing him under arrest. Upon his return to the fort he was court martialed, but was not discharged from the army. (General Crook was very much disgusted with Noyes.)

While there the redskins were seen running off the herd of 1,800 horses as we were on a ridge. Ten soldiers and two scouts were ordered to pick fast mounts from the Major's troop and re-capture the horses. We took a short cut over the hills and came in ahead of them on a narrow defile along the mountain side after a run of twelve miles. After a short fight the redskins were driven to cover in a grove of trees and were cut off from the band of horses. We then ran the horses over a high bank into the river and crossed with them to the other side, our only chance to get away. Cutting across the hills and avoiding all trails we arrived to where the troops were.

During the next night the night herders were driven in by the Indians and the entire horse herd run off by the Indians, leaving just the horses the herders were riding. None of the horses were ever recaptured by the troops.

Returning to Cheyenne I then went to Fort Fetterman and outfitted there for the summer campaign. On the summer campaign I had to drive a sixteen mule team four days out from Fort Petterman. Was glad of the rest. The wagons were loaded with whiskey for the troops, whiskey being a regular part of the rations those days. When camped on Sage Creek (the same creek camped on when the beef herder was killed), was sitting on a rock above camp. Two soldiers and an Indian were playing poker by a wagon when the Indians cut loose with their guns at the players but hit no one, the bullets kicking up the dirt around the players. They surely rolled to cover behind the wagon in a hurry. Under General Crook four companies of Infantry left there. The first camp was made on Dry Creek of Powder River, the next night camping at mouth of river and staying there for two days. Left there with one company of cavalry and one of infantry the next day and traveling day and night got to Rosbud Creek. (The troops were being sent out after the Custer Massacre). Other troops joined here, forces having been sent from all the surrounding territory.

In the morning four companies of cavalry ran into the Indians that had been in the Custer battle. The Indians were never afraid of the cavalry because they could run away, but they were very much afraid of the infantry troops because they could not run and had to stay and fight and they were the better equipped, having longer guns with more accurate and greater range.

The reds defeated the cavalry this morning, the infantry being in the rear several miles which was unusual. General Crook sent orders for the infantry to mount mules

and get to the place of the fight at once. As soon as the infantry arrived the tide of battle changed, and owing to the fear of the Indians for the infantry, they were soon defeated. The troops also had two gatling guns and six field pieces along, but they were in the rear and were never brought into action, but if they had been the entire tribe of Indians could have been wiped out as they were in a sort of basin at first. Four soldiers were killed and eleven wounded. This was called the battle of Rose Bud. Major Noyes was with the cavalry here. When the fight was at its worst Major Noyes was standing with several on a hill where he had been ordered, and the bullets were flying thick, throwing gravel and dirt in every direction. Seeing General Crook coming he ran up to him saying, "I report for orders." General Crook replied, "I have my eye on you. Get back to you men and stay there."

After the dead soldiers were buried we left for Goose Creek on the trail of the Indians. Passing there we camped on Milk River, the Indians going into Canada.

I quit the expedition here and returned to Medicine Bow, then Old Carbon, a noted place at this time. Old Carbon was the first coal camp in the State of Wyoming, and the Union Pacific got all their coal there for a number of years. All the first engines were wood burners. I was there when Dutch Charlie was hung. Was about three feet away when Frank Howard kicked the barrel away from under him. Howard was the leader of the gang that Dutch Charlie belonged to. Howard had been the leader of the gang that held up and robbed the George Trabing store at Medicine Bow. After the rope was put on Dutch Charlie's neck and he stood on the barrel he turned and said "Joe Manoose" (a French name) Howard kicked the barrel from under him to keep him from talking and giving away his part in the gang. Howard had been employed by the railroad and had previously turned State's evidence and made the arrest of Dutch Charlie. Howard immediately left town, walked out a mile and caught a freight. Afterwards he went North to Fort McKinney, where he was shot down by John R. Smith. Upon my return I took a job freighting to Fort Fetterman, making three round trips on that trail with a horse and mule outfit, then laid up at Fort Fetterman during the winter. The next spring I drove oxen for Jack Hunton from Medicine Bow to Fort Fetterman on trips taking twenty-two days loaded and eighteen days empty on this trail.) The Indians had all been driven out of the country at this time. I have been living in Albany and Carbon counties most of the time since. I

hunted for Hunt who in the 70's had a camp on the Bow River at the old Camp place about four miles from Medicine Bow town. Hunt had a number of men hunting for him, and shipped game to all parts of the world for a number of years. The hunters killed the game and other men hauled the game into camp. They used six mules or oxen hitched to the front wheels of a wagon with two poles dragging to load the game on. This method was used as they could go most any place with that outfit. The game torn by the coyotes or wolves was taken to avoid trouble with the Indians who did not like to see game wasted and who generally made trouble for any one who did so.

One time over on the La Prele the Indians made a raid, stealing all the horses in that country and leaving everyone afoot. At that time, under a treaty, no whites could cross north of the Platte River. The Indians could come across and steal, but no one could go across the river after them. A man by the name of Persimmon Bill, a slippery cuss, said he would get them. So swimming his horse across at night he got into their camp, cut all the hobbles and picket ropes, and then giving a war whoop, stampeded the entire band of horses into the river and across to the other side. Having a cabin in the hills, he took them there into a valley. The next morning the chief came up to the bank of the river and signalled to the fort to be ferried across for a pow wow. After the talk the officer in command ordered a sergeant to go and get the horses for the chief. Another man being with Persimmon Bill and hearing this, told Bill they were driving off the horses. Bill, having a horse standing there, mounted and headed them off, taking them away from the soldiers and the chief drove them back. Persimmon Bill's true name was said to be William Chambers.

In a short time the man saw the horses going again and he had to head them off again. The third time it happened, Bill told the soldier to leave them horses alone and the soldier replied, "I guess you need a little shooting," and started to raise his rifle, which he was carrying across his saddle. Bill went for his six gun, shooting him through the body and then cut loose with his rifle at the Indian, but the Indian got away. Driving back the horses he then went to the Fort, walked in among them, took a drink of whisky and then rode away. He stopped and took \$430.00 from the dead soldier, leaving \$40.00 to bury him with, so he told me later when he came over to pay me \$80.00 he had borrowed from me. He wanted to give me the soldier's rifle, but I refused the gift. The next day all the soldiers

from the Fort were out looking for Bill and Bill rode with them and hunted for himself. None of them knew him. He had been known to get away with a number of horses around Laramie and Sheriff Brophy was after him at times. One time he had taken a bunch from near Laramie to the Green River country and sold them and sat in the hotel reading the item about the sheriff being on his trail, he having already disposed of the horses. He had been known to go to a Fort, pick a horse from a bunch at the rack, mount and ride away with the horse.

Along in the seventies I was staying alone and was cutting wood for the Fort about fifteen miles from Fort Fetterman at a place called the Blacksmith Shop. A man named McDougall had a cabin about one-half mile above me. He was cutting wood too. After going to dinner one day was returning to work with my splitting outfit and had so much to carry had left my rifle and shells hid in the bush. Had just got up to rimrock and looked off toward McDougall's camp when I saw some horsemen come in sight. McDougall was at work on a tree trimming the branches. I thought it some white men, the glimpse I had of them, and so I sat on the rock waiting for them to come around the trail. A gun cracked and McDougall threw up his arms and fell dead. I had left my splitting outfit in the trail so rolled over behind a rock and watched an Indian come out and scalp the man then a bunch came up. They took his gun and shells and rode past me just a few feet away. As soon as they were past I got back to where my gun was and went across to another camp where a bunch of men were working and went back and got the body and sent it to the Fort for burial.

The first cattle, Texas stuff, came into the country in '67, but the big herds came in the early '70's till the country finally became so overstocked grass for the freight teams was hard to find until along about '84 the grass was so scarce a great many of the herds were driven north into Canada.

The freighting business gradually fell away with the abandonment of the different Forts. I fired on the railroad, was a brakeman and also ran an engine. Freighted wood when railroads burned wood, cut ties, trapped at different times. I trapped with Jack Watkins just below Elk Mountain on the Bow River. He was an easy person to get along with. There was a saw mill on Elk Mountain, the first in the country. It was on the head of Mill Creek, and was started about 1868. The next Mill was on the West Fork of Wagon Hound Creek. Do not remember the

owner's name. I was in Colorado and worked in a number of saw mills around Cripple Creek and other districts in the eighties, I was down there about ten years returning to Wyoming where I still reside.

Ash Hollow, Nov. 12th, 1857.

Mr. Ward

Dear Sir

I have obtained from Mr. Hines 6 lbs of sugar and 7 lbs of coffee which you will settle with Messrs Russell & Wadell, Agent at your Post and charge the same in your bill against Wm. Magraw.

Respectfully yours
Obt. Servant

200

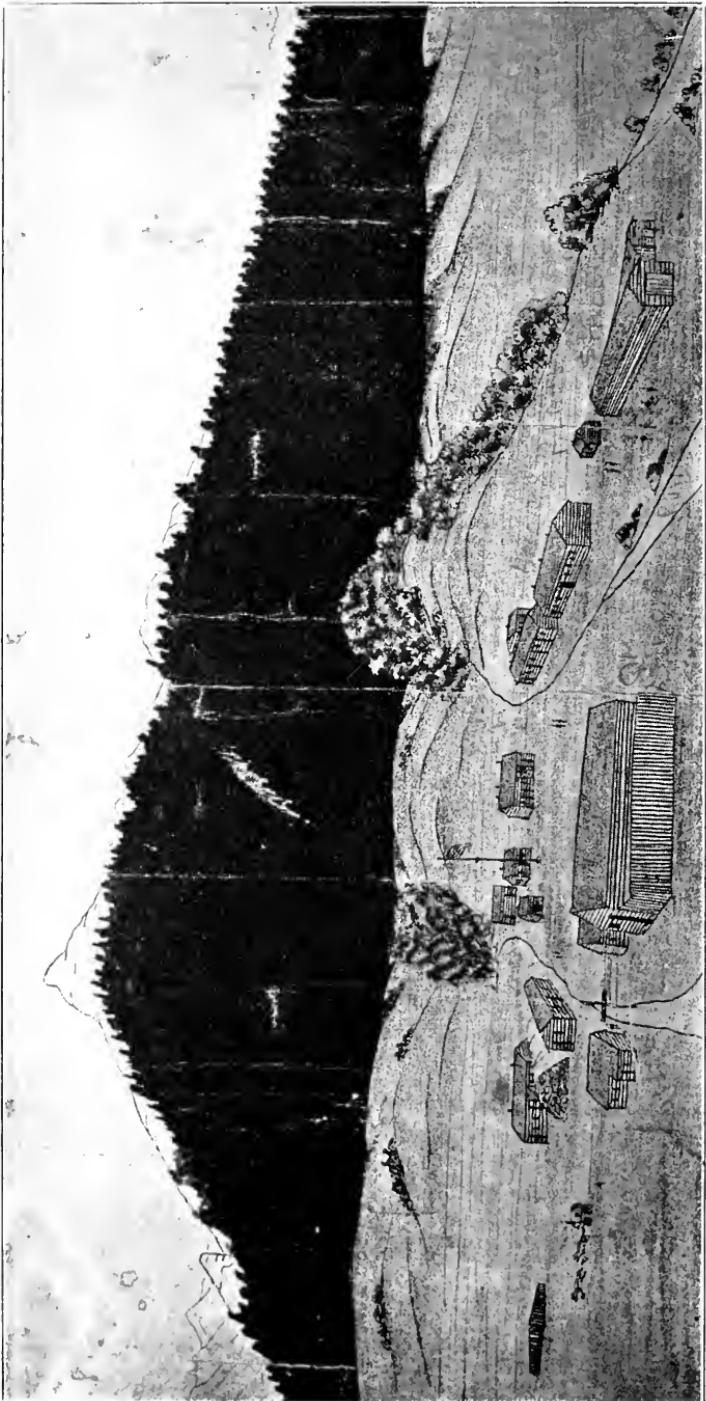
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B. F. Burche.

MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING

NAME	Mtn. Range	Altitude (Ft.)
Big Horn.....		8,000 to 12,000
Bradley's Peak.....	Seminoe	9,500
Chimney Rock	Wind River.....	11,853
Cloud Peak	Big Horn	12,500
Mt. Doane.....	Yellowstone	10,118
Elk Mountain.....	Medicine Bow	11,511
Fremon't Peak.....	Wind River	13,790
Grand Encampment.....	Park	11,003
Grand Teton.....	Teton	13,747
Index Peak.....	Yellowstone	11,740
Laramie Peak.....	Laramie	11,000
Laramie Range.....		7,000 to 9,000
Medicine Peak.....	Park	12,231
Medicine Bow Range.....		8,000 to 12,000
Mt. Moran.....	Teton	12,000
Park Range, in Wyoming.....		11,500
Phlox Mountain.....	Owl Creek	9,136
Pilot Knob.....	Yellowstone	11,977
Quien Hornet.....	Uintah	9,300
Sailor Mountain.....		10,046
Seminoe Mtns. (highest)		10,500
Washakie Needles		12,252
Mt. Washburn.....		10,388
Yount's Peak.....	Yellowstone	12,250



Fort Halleck was established in 1862 at the foot of Elk Mountain in Wyoming. The Fort was abandoned in 1866.
Original picture in State Historical Department.

Fort Bridger, Wyoming, Jan. 4, 1885.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft,
San Francisco,
California.

Dear Sir:—

In reply to your letter of November 18th last, I enclose herewith such records as the founding, history, etc., of this post as can be compiled from existing post records:

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) ALEX CHAMBERS,
Lieut. Col. 21st Infantry
Comdy. Post.

Location, Etc.

Fort Bridger is situated 10.6 miles south of Carter Station on the Union Pacific Railroad, on a delta formed by several branches of Black's Fork of Green River. Its latitude is 41 degrees, 15' 37" North, longitude 110 degrees 22' 39" West from Greenwich, and altitude 7010 feet, (barometrick measurement).

History

The vicinity of the post seems to have been a rendezvous for trappers as early as 1834, the neighboring branches of Green River abounding in Beaver at that time. During the summer of that year a number of trappers in the employ of the North American and Rocky Mountain Fur Companies (then consolidated), assembled here and dividing into parties proceeded in various directions on Beaver trapping expeditions. Among these trappers may be mentioned: Wm. Sublette, Fitzpatrick Fontenelle, Basil La Jeunesse, W. M. Anderson, James Bridger and Jack Robinson.

The Snakes were then the dominant tribe of Indians in this vicinity.

James Bridger (familiarly known as Jim Bridger), from whom the post derives its name, settled here in 1842, building a log block house and establishing a kind of outlying trading post. In 1854, Bridger sold out his establishment to one Lewis Robinson a Mormon, who in 1855, built old Fort Bridger, which consisted of a boulder stone wall, 100 feet square and 14 feet high, with cylindrical corners, and a corral 82 feet wide. This locality was at the time a part of Utah Territory. For some time afterwards the Mormons maintained outlying settlements in the neighborhood.

The military history of the post begins in 1857. The

Mormons (then dominant in this region) had rendered themselves obnoxious to the U. S. Government by interference with the duties of such territorial officials as were not of their own religious faith; many of the latter being in consequence obliged to leave the territory. President Buchanan therefore appointed Gov. A. Cumming, a gentile, to succeed Brigham Young, then Governor of Utah, and made some changes in other territorial officials; and, in the spring of the same year (1857), an expedition consisting of the 5th and 10th regiments of U. S. Infantry, and Phelp's and Renos' batteries of the 4th Artillery was sent to Utah Territory, as escort for and, if necessary, to establish the authority of the newly appointed territorial officials. This expedition under the immediate command of Col. E. B. Alexander, 10th infantry, started West by the usual trail along the Platte, and reached Henry's Fork of Green River at a point about 30 miles east of the present post, early in October, and there went into camp, where they remained until some time in November, awaiting instructions from Washington; Brigadier General Harney, who had been originally designated to command the expedition, having been detailed by political troubles in Kansas and never having joined.

While thus encamped, a detachment of Mormon cavalry cut off and destroyed five supply trains, of 25 wagons each, which were designed for the expedition, thus virtually making war upon the U. S. Government. Shortly after this event Brigadier General A. S. Johnston arrived and took command of the expedition in place of General Harney. The expedition then moved westward to Black's Fork of Green River and established winter cantonment and what was known as Camp Scott, about 2 miles south of the present post. The command remained in camp during that winter, undergoing some privation on account of shortness of supplies and losing a number of animals from scarcity of forage.

In the spring of the following year (1858), Major Wm. Hoffman, 6th U. S. Infantry arrived with reinforcements and ample supply trains. Thereupon Gen Johnston selected the site of the present post of Fort Bridger, designated certain companies of Infantry and placed Major Hoffman in command (Special Orders No. 41 Headq'r's Dept., of Utah, same year). The Mormons who had previously occupied this valley had meanwhile

abandoned the neighborhood after destroying everything that would have been of any use to the troops.

At about this time Brigham Young, on the part of the Mormons, consented without further resistance to the transfer of his office to Governor Cummings, and to the occupancy of the territory by the U. S. troops, and General Johnston, with the bulk of the command, marched westward and established Camp Floyd, about 40 miles south of Salt Lake City, leaving Maj. Hoffman with the companies designated as the garrison at Fort Bridger to commence the work of construction. The building of quarters, etc., was at once begun, the labor being performed by the troops. The old cobble-stone Mormon fort, heretofore referred to, had meanwhile been taken possession of and was converted into store houses.

2nd Lieut. Joseph H. Taylor, 1st Cavalry, was the first post Adjutant and 1st Lieut. B. F. Smith, 6th Infantry, the first depot quartermaster of the post.

On the 17th of August, 1858, Brevet Lieut. Col. E. R. S. Canby, Maj. 10th Infantry, relieved Maj. Hoffman in command, the latter joining the companies of the 6th Infantry, which shortly left the post en route for California. During the administration of Col. Canby, and in the same year, the building of the post was for the most part completed.

On March 7th, 1860, Major R. C. Gratton, 7th Infantry, relieved Col. Canby in command, the latter going to Camp Floyd, Utah, and thence with the command to New Mexico.

On June 4, 1860, Maj. Gatlin, having also been ordered to New Mexico, was relieved from command of the post by Capt. Alfred Cumming, 10th Infantry.

Captain Frank Gardiner, 10th Infantry, relieved Captain Cumming, August 9th, 1860. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the former officer took a seven days leave of absence, started east and joined the Confederate forces. He was therefore dropped from the rolls of the army as a deserter.

Captain Jesse A. Gore, 10th Infantry, took command May 29, 1861, and so continued until the withdrawal of troops from Utah in aiding in suppressing the rebellion. At about this time Camp Floyd (already referred to) was abandoned, the troops under command of Col. Cooke, 2nd Cavalry, being marched to this post. By direction of the latter officer, most of the subsistence stores then at the post and such of the quartermaster

stores as were not needed elsewhere were sold at auction. Captain Gore, with the bulk of the garrison, joined Col. Cooke's command, which early in August, 1861, started for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Capt. J. C. Clarke, 4th Artillery, with a few soldiers whose terms of service had nearly expired, being left in charge of the post. In December of the same year Captain Clarke was ordered east, leaving Ord. Sergt. Boger and a few privates at the post.

For about a year from this time the post was without a garrison or a commissioned officer, during which period the property was under charge of Ord. Sergeant Boger. This was a somewhat critical period in the history of the post. The Shoshone Indians were at that time hostile and the Mormons, since the withdrawal of the troops, were regarded as still more dangerous enemies. The latter set up claim to the land on which the post was located, on the ground of a conveyance from James Bridger, who was said to hold a Spanish grant for the same. (It is to be remembered that this region was originally in Mexican Territory). Fearing trouble and for the protection of property as well as for personal security, Judge W. A. Carter, the post trader, organized a volunteer company of mountaineers from the surrounding country.

On December, 1862, Captain M. G. Lewis, with Company 19th, 3rd California Infantry Volunteers, arrived at the post and took command.

During several succeeding years the post was garrisoned by companies of California and Nevada Volunteers, and various changes occurred from time to time.

On July 13th, 1866, the command devolved upon Bvt. Maj. A. S. Burt, Capt. 18th U. S. Infantry. At about this time the volunteer troops were mustered out, and the garrison then consisted of Co.'s "F" and "H", 1st battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry.

When the Territory of Wyoming was formed in 1868, this post and vicinity were included in the territory.

In 1868-69, the project of a railroad across the continent was in contemplation, and, during these years, portions of the garrison (then consisting of Co.'s. "B", "C", "F", "H", and "I", 36th Infantry under command of Brevet Col. Henry A. Morrow, Lieut. Col., same regiment) were from time to time engaged in escorting engineers of the U. P. R. R. A portion of the garrison was

also employed in guarding the overland stage route, 200 miles east of Green River. During this period additional storehouses and quarters were built and the old ones repaired by labor of the garrison under the direction of Maj. J. H. Belcher, Post Quartermaster.

The post was abandoned in May 1878 per G. O. No. 4; 1878, Headquarters Dept. of the Platte, and remained without a garrison until June 1880, when it was re-established by S. O. No. 57, Headquarters Dept. of the Platte, dated June 18, 1880. The new garrison consisting of Co.'s. "F" and "H" 4th Infantry arrived at the post the latter part of the same month.

In 1881, a road over the mountains from Burnt Fork, a mail station about 35 miles south of the post, to the site of Fort Thornburg, Utah, was constructed by civilians in the employ of Judge Carter, the post trader.)

In the summer of 1883, the work of building additional barracks and quarters was commenced, with the view of increasing the garrison which then consisted of Co.'s "B", "C" and "G", 9th Infantry, under command of Lieut. Col. T. M. Anderson, same regiment. Some of the old barracks were in a dilapidated condition and no longer used as company quarters.

(In June of the same year, a batallion consisting of Co's. "B" and "C", from this post, and Co's. "B" and "G", 7th Infantry, from Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming and under command of Maj. I. D. De Russy, 4th Infantry, left the post, and was engaged for about two months repairing and improving the road to Fort Thornburg, already referred to.)

On August 7th, 1884, the garrison was increased by Co's. "D" and "H", 21st Infantry.

On August 31, 1884, Lieut. Col. Anderson was relieved from command of the post by Lieut. Col. Alex. Chambers, 21st Infantry.

TOWNS

(With the exception of the small station called Carter, on the Union Pacific R. R., there are no towns or settlements anywhere in the vicinity of the post.)

(Signed) C. C. MINER,
2nd Lieutenant 9th Infantry,
Post Adjutant.

From files of Dr. Hebard.

LARAMIE COUNTY—P. O. RANCH

While civilization lasts horses will be in demand and any effort to improve the breed to meet the requirements of progress will meet assistance, has always done so with just encouragements from an appreciative public. This is true no less in the improvement of racers than of draft horses. Within the last decade, experiments have proven beyond question that the Perchion race of horses is superior to all others for general utility and that the prairies of the western Territory is the cheapest and most advantageous section to raise them.

The latter proposition has been demonstrated by Messrs. Post and Brown, at their ranch near Cheyenne, Wyoming, but appreciating the advantages of associated capital they have determined to form a corporation under the laws of Wyoming, which are liberal and made with reference to the demands of stock raising in that time.

Their present investment represents over \$500,000 actual value in horses, lands and improvements, an itemized statement of which follows.

They propose to sell a one half interest in this property and to capitalize on such basis as will provide treasury stock, when sold sufficient to largely increase the breeding capacity of the herd, to add a number of Percheron Norman mares and stallions, by importation and to complete such improvements on the ranch as may be required by reason of such addition to the herd. With this statement we beg to request your examination of the accompanying description of their ranch and herd of which is based upon actual value.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, September 1st, 1884.

Memorandum.—Description of ranch improvements, and stock owned by Post & Brown situated in Laramie County, Wyoming Territory. The ranch under control of this firm is north of the City of Cheyenne, Wyoming, from which its southern boundary is distant about six miles, it includes a tract of country of one hundred thousand (100,000) acres of which over (45,000) are inclosed by a barbed wire fence and the remainder it is proposed to inclose by the same kind of fence during the season of 1885. The land mentioned above as being under our control is owned one half by our firm including the part lying along the water front at Lodge Pole Creek (a stream running through this land) and the remainder by the Government of the United States. As the land owned by the Government is in the limits of

our range and is unsuited to agriculture without water to irrigate and in consequence of the absence of seasonal rains, our firm owning and controlling all the land to the streams, any interruption to our holding is therefore extremely improbable. Title to the Government land can only be secured under the pre-emption and homestead acts in tracts of 160 acres for each location and two dollars and fifty cents per acre. (This being situated within the 20 mile limit of the Union Pacific Grant). Our ownership of the water front practically controls the Government land. There is about 3,000 acres of this land under this fence which is very valuable meadowland. This we use for cutting hay. This range was located in 1872 when we had the first choice of this vast country, and was selected after much investigation as being superior to all others of which we had any knowledge. At the period of its location the Territory of Wyoming consisting of 98,000 square miles was practically unoccupied. At the time mentioned it was regarded as the finest in the territory for its amazing pastoral properties, and at the present time one of the most valuable in the country—no less for its proximity to a populous centre and location on the line of the market, than for its great fattening properties. The grasses are the Gama, buffalo, bunch gramme, wild hay or oats and a multitude of other valuable varieties while for additional winter food there is the far famed white sage in great profusion. It is impossible to over estimate the value of these wonderful grasses, which are cured on the ground by the long dry summer and are infinitely super in nutritive quality to the finest hay, in fact, it is computed that one ton of such food is equal to five times that amount of cut hay. The range is covered in the most luxurious abundance by these grasses and herds put out to graze at great distances from this spot gravitate to it with absolute certainty. Lodge Pole Creek, a fine mountain stream, runs entirely through this range from West to East, a distance of about seven miles from the southern boundary furnishing a convenient and ample supply of water from the southern part of the range. The tributaries of Horse Creek penetrate the range in various directions and it may be stated generally that a sufficiency of water exists over the range. The natural shelter of the country formed by the rolling character of the prairies render the range a desirable winter residence for stock. The home ranch is situated on Lodge

Pole Creek. An abundant stream of the finest water about one and one half miles above the eastern boundary where are located fine barns, stables, sheds, blacksmith shop and tool house, also large and convenient corrals. The main barn is 150 feet long, 35 feet wide, built of the very best material conveniently arranged for breeding purposes with large box stalls for stallions built on the most improved plan and complete in all details. The blacksmith shop, carriage house and tool house are equally complete. The corrals are very extensive, conveniently arranged and ample to handle five thousand (5,000) horses; two miles above the home ranch on the same stream are located large stables, sheds, house and corrals and outbuildings formerly used as a home ranch and are very complete and ample in all respects, two miles above this ranch on the same stream is located another ranch with house, barns, corrals, etc., conveniently arranged. There is also another station on Trail Creek in the northern part of the range with house and corrals thus making four breeding ranches. The bulk of the horses now on this ranch have been bred up in Nevada Territory for the last 18 years from the very best class of stallions. There are also included in the number several thoroughbred mares and their young stock; the herd will compare favorably with any band of breeding horses in the states. These animals bred on the prairie and unused to open air life in all seasons without shelter or grain, are not only much hardier and more enduring but they retain their vitality to a much older age than those raised on a more heating diet under different conditions. The mares will breed until past 25 years of age, there are already on the ranch 15 imported Percheron Norman stallions of the very best quality and five stallions of different breeds.

It is proposed, however, to substitute the important Percheron Norman stallions in place of the latter there being a ready market at Cheyenne for the stallions as well as for all other classes of horses.

APPORTIONMENT OF BREEDING

One thousand mares breed 66 per cent of colts.

The mare colts of two years of age breed 66 per cent of colts.

Fifty per cent of the colts will be mares, the total will be at the end of two years as follows:

1st year	1000.00	mares, increase	330
2nd year	1000.00	" "	330
3rd year	1000.00	" "	330
" "	330.00	" "	108.90 Total..... 480.90

4th year	1000.00	"	"330	
" "	660.00	"	"217.80	Total..... 547.80
5th year	1000.00	"	"330	
" "	990.00	"	"326.70	
" "	108.90	"	"35.94	Total..... 692.64
6th year	1000.00	"	"330	
" "	1320.00	"	"435.60	
" "	326.70	"	"107.82	Total..... 873.42
7th year	1000.00	"	"330	
" "	1650.00	"	"544.50	
" "	653.40	"	"215.62	
" "	35.94	"	"11.87	Total..... 1101.99
8th year	1000.00	"	"330	
" "	1980.00	"	"653.40	
" "	1089.00	"	"359.37	
" "	143.76	"	"47.48	Total..... 1390.25
9th year	1000.00	"	"330.00	
" "	2310.00	"	"762.30	
" "	1633.50	"	"539.05	
" "	395.38	"	"118.70	
" "	11.87	"	"3.96	Total..... 1754.01
10th year	1000.00	"	"330.00	
" "	2640.00	"	"871.20	
" "	2286.90	"	"714.67	
" "	718.72	"	"237.40	
" "	59.38	"	"19.60	Total..... 2212.87
Mare colts					9671.88
Total number of mare colts.....					9671.88
Total number of horse colts.....					9671.88
Total increase					19343.76
Original mares					1000.00

Total number of mares and colts at end of 10 years..... 20343.76

Inventory of horses owned by Post and Brown at their ranch near Cheyenne, Wyoming territory, September 1st, 1884:

No.	Ages	Mares	Price	Amount
1000	2 to 11	"\$ 175.00	\$ 175,000.00	
60	Unclassified	"100.00	6,000.00	
250	One past	"80.00	20,000.00	
150	4's and up	Geldings..... 125.00	18,750.00	
100	3's	"100.00	10,000.00	
240	2's	"80.00	19,200.00	
250	1's past	"60.00	15,000.00	
25	Saddle stock	60.00	1,500.00	
5	Stallions	250.00	1,250.00	
15	Imported Percheron			
	Norman Stallions	2000.00	30,000.00	
600	Colts this season crop.....	50.00	30,000.00	
	Over 200 of which are one-half bred Percheron Normans.			
2695			\$326,700.00	
50,000 acres of land the title to be completed in due course			200,000.00	

The above includes improvements of every descrip-

tion consisting of about 45 miles of barbed wire fencing, several miles of irrigating ditches, buildings already described, also wagons, harness, mowing machines, tools of all kinds, cows and young stock and everything pertaining to the equipment of a first class ranch of this character. There are between three and four thousand acres of this land covering the water courses, that is worth upwards of (\$100,000.00) one hundred thousand dollars outside of the improvements. The ranch has telephone connections with Cheyenne.

Coutant.

Denver, Colorado, January 10, 1897.

Mr. G. C. Coutant,
Laramie, Wyo.

My Dear Sir:

Yours of 5th inst. is at hand. I enclose you some additional thoughts that occurred to me after our conversation, and a page from the family scrap book which contains the cut of the Overland Mail & Express Company" instead of Wells Fargo & Co. Holladay's name is indissolubly connected with the Overland Mail business. Wells Fargo & Co. were in the stage business less than a year. I send you a page of the scrap book so when you return it it can be fitted back into its place. It also has the clipping from the North Platte paper.

I want to give you under the head we might say of some notable events on the Overland an account of the fight with the Indians on the Sweetwater River near Split Rock when a party of the Overland men nine in all with two coaches loaded to the guards with mail were attacked by a large war party of Indians. The fight was a desperate one and lasted all day and part of the night, also I want to tell of the great feat of moving over 650 miles of a Daily Stage line stock, rolling stock all moveable parts of stations such as windows, doors, etc., and never losing a mail, that is putting every mail through on schedule time. It was an unparalleled feat, and was the wonder of that day, old plainsmen said it could not be done without a stoppage of the mails for about a month. And I want to give you a few more names of persons connected with the Overland. We did not name any drivers. I want to give you the names of some of the notable drivers and skilled reinsmen of the Overland Mail line, also an account of the attack by Road Agents on the mail and treasure coach in Port Neuf Canon in which three men were killed and all but

one or two out of a dozen men wounded and \$75,000 in gold dust taken. Two well known business men, merchants of Hutchison, Kansas, were amongst the killed.

In regard to my photo I have not had one taken in 25 years and just now I do not care to go to the expense of one. You can see I am a very busy man. I have given you considerable of my time cheerfully when you was here and in writing this and what I propose to write if you want it and you feel that you can be at the expense I will sit for the photo.

(Signed) D. Street.

P. S. Also if you desire it I will give you the facts connected with the location of Fort D. A. Russell by the military authorities and the town of Cheyenne by the railroad authorities on the 4th of July, 1867.

The New St. James,
Denver, Colo.,

Fred W. Bailey, Manager.

Mr. Coutant,

My Dear Sir: You did not give me your address but can when you write. I will send you the clipping from the North Platte paper and the cut of the Overland Concord Coach. After you are through with them I would like them returned. Remember to put on the coach instead of Wells Fargo & Co. as it is now "The Holladay Overland Mail and Express Company." The upper line on coach can remain "Overland U. S. Mail". Among the superintendents you might put George K. Otis and amongst agents the names of W. L. Halsey and J. Harvey Jones and Robt. L. Pease and amongst division agents Dug Ayres, division agent of the Omaha line, Omaha to Ft. Kearney and Phil Elkins, or as he was familiarly known, "Pap Elkins," the father of Senator Steve Elkins, and head the list of superintendents with Gen. Ben. Ficklin, afterwards in the Confederate Army in Virginia. He managed the Overland just prior to Ben Holliday's connection with it and in the most trying ordeal, and did it well, he was thoroughly versed in the stage business having staged through the south. We neglected to give the names of the express messengers—for they were a worthy set of men and their business in charge of the treasure and valuable express matter was a great responsibility and exposed them to great risk, and they passed through some of the most trying scenes on the Overland. Amongst them was C. M. Pollinger or "Gus Pollinger" as he was called, John May-

field, Chas. Parks, Billy Hudnut, Nastor Thompson, McCausland, Billy McClelland, George Mastin, late of Cheyenne. I can recall more names later on in all the departments and you can insert them—I neglected to mention the mountain lines in Colorado from Denver to Central City and Black Hawk which from the day it started until the present narrow guage railroad was built (for about 12 years) was the best paying 41 miles of stage road in the United States or the world for that matter, for it never missed a day summer or winter of making a trip loaded to the guards both ways, and frequently two coaches each way.

Then the line from Denver up the Platte Canon to Breckenridge, 150 miles long. It afterward became the property of Billy McClelland and Bob Spotswood and it formed the nucleus of the great stage line from the terminus of the South Park Railroad in Platte Canon to Leadville in the palmy days of the Carbonate Camp, and it made the fortunes of its owners. The transportation or freight department of the Overland was a large business of itself it required a great many ox and mule trains and men to do the heavy business of transporting the grain, fuel and supplies of every kind. When Holladay took the line this work had been done by contract, one contractor's pay for one season's work (as the work could only be done on gross, except in exceptional instances when a mule train would be rationed with grain) was near \$90,000. The company owned trains of its own, but Mr. Holladay thought the freight business should not be mixed up with the stage business, a good stage man was not always a good freight man so he preferred to separate it and made a proposition to one of the freighting firms of the Carlyle Bros. to form a partnership under the name of Holladay & Carlyle to be known as the freighters for the Overland Mail line and to do all of it. He made a liberal proposition to the Carlyle Bros., he was to put in all the trains of the Overland Stage line and the Carlyles to put in all of their trains to be credited on the books of Holladay & Carlyle at their appraised value, it proved a great success.

The manager of this business was Henry Carlyle, one of the best known and most popular men on the Overland. He was a tyical Kentuckian, honest, brave, whole-souled and genial to overflowing. Mr. Holladay's great success was largely due to the men he had with him,

he had the faculty of getting the right man in the right place, they were brave, honest, efficient and made his interests their own, and they cheerfully faced all hardships and perils in his service.

I can furnish you with Ben Holladay's signature and an autograph letter. At the same time Ben Holladay owned the Overland he owned a line of steamships on the Pacific Coast making weekly voyages from San Francisco to Portland on Van Couver's Island stopping outward bound at Portland, Oregon, and from San Francisco to Yuymas on the Mexican Coast. This business was enormously profitable. Each voyage of a ship bringing in from 10,000 to 25,000 dollars, a voyage consuming from eight to 100 days.

REMINISCENCES

By H. L. Kuykendall.

Arrival in Cheyenne

Since the arrival in Cheyenne, Wyoming, of my mother and the coutier caravan she had with her, consisting of the J. R. Whitehead family, my Uncle Samuel Montgomery, two negroes who had been what had been termed slaves until a short time previous to my mothers parents, J. M. Kuykendall my brother and myself and last but by no means least, two Blackhawk Morgan horses, named Kit and Joe also two Durham cows, the four later proved to be the moving spirits and the source from which a large part of our maintainance was derived.

Owing to the unsettled condition existing around Platte City, Missouri, which was then my parents home and where I was born, during the year of 1865, my father deemed it advisable and for his future existence to try a change of climate so migrated west with others, who were situated in about the same predicament he was, when the caravan over which my mother was Captain and conceded to be "BOSS" arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on April 17, 1867, there was a nice house awaiting them to move into; this house was built by the untiring efforts of my father and had not been completed when we arrived but assure you it was a marked change for the better, of our home conditions as the past year had been very trying on all the female members of our household.

Arrival of First Train in Cheyenne

The first train arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, some

time during the month of November 1867. You will note that I was one of the many who was there to greet its arrival. I doubt very much if there has ever, since that date, been congregated together in one spot, such a conglomeration of humanity and beasts. The principal mode of entertainment, of the humans, for each other, with a few exceptions, was to see how many they could aid in making unfit for work the next day, and in many cases, for many days thereafter.

Oft times in my leisure moments, when left alone to reminiscence, my thoughts drift back to those days and I have arrived at decision, never again will such a crowd be placed together showing such a marked contrast in make-up physically, mentally and spiritually, proportioning them with present population of the United States, will have to state, the individuals, from standpoint of Manhood, is many times in favor of those who volunteered their all to lay the foundation and aid in developing and making of what is now one of the Greatest Commonwealths and States in America, Wyoming.

Father Time, without any respect for individuals has about completed his work and at this writing there remains with us but a few of those characters who deserve all that our Maker has to give to the Best of His children.

Of late years, when I learn that one more of those Pathfinders and Kingdom builders has gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground," I have no feeling of sorrow or regret as that type of man was always faithful to his Calling, done his work well and would not quit until his task was completed, you can rest assured that such characters never cease to exist and when their spirits, indomitable will, energy and wonderful line of thoughts and acts cease to exist on this Earth in the material, all of those qualities and quantities are needed elsewhere to further an end that only such individuals are capable of executing and bringing to a successful end or issue. A fit epitaph for all of such characters is:

Here lies the remanents of one who made good
During short stay he remained on this Earth;
There can be no doubt, to where he has gone,
As a higher Power guided him since his birth.

We note in the daily papers issued in American, that funds are asked for the erection of monuments to keep before the present and coming generations the memories of deeds or acts done by some individual. How

much more fit and appropriate would it not be to have a monument of magnitude erected to the chivalry, appitude and devotion of OUR PIONEERS, by so doing we would not specialize as is now being done in other sections of this continent but would honour and try and keep before future generations no one individual but a number of individuals who aided, with their untiring efforts and devotions in making Wyoming the Greatest State in the United States of America.

Indulging on your patience, I will narrate an occurrence which happened to me one day several years ago. I was driving, over what is now known as the Lincoln Highway, with a man who had been raised and passed the first thirty years of his life on the range in Wyoming. We were approaching the town of Medicine Bow, to my surprise this party broke the silence by saying, we are getting into a man's countryy. I asked him how he arrived at that decision. His reply was, you see tin cans and bottles wherever you go. We still have the tin cans but alas, the bottles have went, I believe we give the best part away.

Vigilantes.

Shortly after the arrival of our caravan in Cheyenne our household was awakened from our slumbers by a noise that was startling and appalling to all of us, gathering together and then going in search of source from which it seemed to come, no person not having experienced the feeling derived from the deep mutterings and sayings of a mob or crowd of human beings, who gathered together to take human life, can understand our feelings of dread at that time. Such a situation greeted our eyes when we arrived at source from which came that never to be forgotten noise. It proved to come from what was then termed and known, also to be avoided, provided you were not one of the Inner Circle, as the Vigilantes, to enlighten those who are not familiar with the power invested, in those days in that name, I will here state they were composed of Judge, Jury and Executioner, when that body decreed you was to die or you was advised to seek other environments or surroundings, you right then might as well go off and die gracefully or make your escape immediately or by the time given you by their representative to do so. That order, like the individuals that composed it, never retracted but did the work that was set for them to do. To our amazement, we found congregated in the vicinity

of one hundred masked men who proceeded to break down the door of the house adjoining the one in which we lived, and proceeded to bring forth an individual who went by the name of Jack Martin, this person had been found to be undesirable as a citizen by the Vigilantes Committee and he did not profit from the advice given him by that body, so when we awakened the following morning, not to our surprise, we were greeted, when looking out our front window, with a sight never to be forgotten, three telegraph poles lashed together at their tops and Jack Martin's body hanging in the space between them.

Many will feel that such acts should not be countenanced by any law abiding community but it was conceded by all good citizens who was in that community during the reign of the Vigilantes, that the justice dealt forth by that body was fair to all and most decisions handed down and executed by that body was proven or showed more leniency than is now practiced of late ears by the courts in power, as all cases that deserved and required the attention of the Vigilantes when brought to their notice or attention, was acted upon immediately and justice was forthcoming without the long drawn-out delays that are in vogue and practiced now. To withhold the execution of justice to your fellowman in any form is doing him a rank injustice.

I at this time cannot recall one incident where punishment was wrongfully bestowed but do remember many acts of charity performed by that body.

Arrival of Trains.

After the Union Pacific Railway established its schedule of trains which that corporation used its best efforts to maintain and make, the arrival of those trains proved to be the social event of the day as every person would make an effort to be at the depot and at the G. M. Jones Hotel upon arrival of trains and remain until their departure, many pleasant and odd incidents occurred during those times and occasions one of which left a very marked impression on my mind when it was told me. All passenger and also what was known as the emigrant trains remained in Cheyenne long enough to permit their passengers to eat and you can rest assured that the G. M. Jones Hotel or what was commonly referred to as the Railroad House, was a busy place during those periods of time. Now for the incident that impressed me, the dining room at the Jones Hotel was large

and the right number of tables were completely set to care for the number of parties on train that stated they would eat, there was in the employ of Mr. James as porter and general utility man a man and character by the name of Pat Hanigan. He was raw boned and of immense frame and strength, one of his duties was to serve the soup during train hours or meals. This proved to be such a task, necessitating many trips back and forth to the kitchen, that he conceived the idea of having made a soup syringe of immense size, so forthwith he hiked to what was known as the Schweickert hardware store and had made such a weapon and immediately after its completion proceeded to place same in execution upon arrival of trains he would proceed to load, with the conglomerate that was to be served, his annihilator and with much assumed authority proceed into dining room and begin his duty of soup serving, he would approach a party who was seated at a table and say, "Will you have soup," not waiting for a reply, he would proceed to use his soup ejector and extractor and fill, to parties amazement, their plate with mixture his vessel contained, in case the party should say yes, then Pat would pass on to next person and go through same formula, in case party stated they did not care for soup then Pat proceeded to place the nozzle of his ejector and extractor in their plate and withdrew the portion he had just served. Shortly after Pat placed in execution his novel money saver, Mr. Jones was able to add very materially to his herd of hogs.

There was expected and due in Cheyenne in those days, each day, one passenger train going west and one east also one train going same directions, known as the freight or emigrant trains. The passenger trains were composed of one car of three compartments, mail, express and baggage and two or three coaches and were pulled from Cheyenne to Sidney, Nebraska, by two four wheel drive Rodger make engines and their numbers were 68 and 72 and their engineers were Fred Post and "Red Pat," or better known as the "Wild Irishman." The emigrant trains was composed of a string of freight cars and on rear end of train there would be four or five would-be passenger coaches, in same the people were packed like sardines in a can.

From the patronage of those passengers "Prairie Dog Arnold" laid the foundation of a snug fortune from the sale of that tireless little rodent "the prairie dog,"

which thrived so prolifically in region surrounding Cheyenne. The custom or way then used to capture that small pest was to pour water in their holes and make them come out ahead of the water to the door or opening of their residence, then they were placed in captivity and disposed of to the highest bidder by Mr. Arnold. At present date we pay money to have destroyed "the prairie dog,"—such a transformation.

I cannot leave this subject without paying due respect to one of the principle performers of the Union Pacific Railway. It was known as the only switch engine used in those yards for an indefinite number of years and the faithful manner in which it performed its duty proved a marvel to all who watched it during its long stay in those yards. This engine should hold a place in history or records of that corporation and if any parts of that wonder remains it should be placed in one of the most conspicuous places in any exhibit that corporation has, as it certainly did its part in helping to make the greatest railroad system on this globe today. Let's all of us treasure the memories of old No. 1, and profit by the example set by that piece of machinery, do our work well and faithfully.

Before closing this chapter I cannot resist making a comparison between the present day equipment used and employed by the Union Pacific Railroad and what was then in use and vogue in those days, such strides are almost beyond a man's imagination, but it is here and will be improved on.

During the days referred to in this chapter, the trains at different times were halted and sometimes completely stopped by large herds of buffalo passing across railroad tracks between Cheyenne and Ogallala, Nebraska.

Indians.

In the early seventies residents of eastern and northern Wyoming was kept on edge by the sudden appearance at different times of small bands of hostile Cheyenne and Sioux Indians and loss of lives, stock, homes were of frequent occurrence and those who committed those atrocities, some of those acts proved to be so fiendish that we at present stage of civilization cannot believe that such fiends could have existed, in cases where the bodies of their victims was not mutilated entirely by being burned to the stake or debauched and mutilated beyond recognition, those fiends to show their

defiance, leave their calling card or mark by taking a part of the scalp from top of their victim's head.

The weapons used in those days by the Indians was the bow and arrow and tomahawk, the proficiency they acquired in the use of those weapons can hardly be believed at this time as it does not seem possible to acquire such efficiency in marksmanship. The time devoted and required to make some of those weapons must have covered a long period, the wood, steel and gut string had to be of very best material, shaped to the minutest detail so as to do work required of it, seasoned by some process known only to the Indians, in fact, I now often wonder, in what direction will all of that talent be turned and used at present day, it certainly would accomplish some pronounced end and good results if turned in that direction as the persistency shown and used by the American Indians, especially the tribes herein referred to, could not fail in attaining anything legitimate they would start to attain or accomplish.

During the summer months, Crow Creek in vicinity of Cheyenne would go nearly dry, next to high bluff, close to where formerly stood the Hammond Packing Company plant, there was a dam built across Crow Creek and a house erected to hold ice to supply wants of city of Cheyenne, ice was gathered from pond formed by said dam. This pond was also used as a swimming pool by the Cheyenne children. A bunch of these arabs was down there one summer day performing their usual stunts, during the time they were there, two Indians were waiting on bluff just above them until they had gone home then they proceeded to execute the errand they came on, they killed the keeper of the ice house, I remember distinctly the bringing of his remains to town and to the L. F. Iliff home which was used at that time as the only hospital in Cheyenne, the remains had an arrow sticking straight out of his body, he had been shot through the heart.

About that time, through the efforts of my father and others who were aroused by reports they heard of the untold riches of the Miners Delight region and country farther north and west, organized a company of several hundred men who met at Cheyenne with the view of exploring that region, the expedition formed on Seventeenth street and it had an air of strength and excitement, all persons who participated in this venture were afoot excepting my father who rode a small white pony

as he was captain. All luggage and provisions were hauled by several strings of oxen composed of eight yoke steers and four wagons to the string. Attached to last wagon of this train was a small brass canon.

With unforeseen trouble from Indians en route they reached as far northwest as the Big Horn river country, they were met there by a company of the United States Cavalry and was informed that, orders had been received at Fort Washakie to bring that expedition back as its presence was causing unrest with the Shoshoni and other tribes of Indians and those tribes were congregating for a massacre, since that date there has been but little done to develop that region from mineral standpoint owing to its having been and is now in an Indian reservation.

Much has been written about Custer, Thorneburgh and other massacres executed by different tribes of Indians, their mode of warfare was mostly from ambush and complete surprises as they would seldom come out in the open and attack and they usually outnumbered their opponents many times as they usually had a good check on numbers who would oppose them.

Early Seventies.

Cheyenne in the later sixties and early seventies was composed of mostly saloon, dance halls and houses of ill repute and killings were of frequent occurrences.

The principle hotels then were Tim Dyers, Ford Hotel, which was built and run by a colored man who afterwards built what was known as the Inter-Ocean which stood on corner now occupied by the Harry Hynds building, Simmons House and Ames Hotel. A multitude of saloons, one of the most famous was "Red Pats." This saloon had the patronage or was the haunt of the soldiers stationed at Ft. Russell and Camp Carlin. It took a man of untold nerve and fighting ability to conduct that place in anything like an orderly manner but fortunately it had the right man in the right place as Pat Hannifan knew no fear and was a nonpareil at the rough and tumble game.

One of the most noted dance halls and variety theatres that ever existed in America was located in Cheyenne and did a most thriving business. It was known as McDaniels Theatre and was owned and conducted by one of the most eccentric and erratic individuals I have ever seen. Every evening, Sunday not excepted, about eight o'clock a band of about twenty pieces would form a circle on the street in front of this theatre and

play many of the then latest popular selections, from all parts of the town the male faction would come to listen to the beautiful melodies poured forth by the members of that congregation, the leader of that sympathy organization was termed "Smitty with the Coffee Pot," the latter part of his cognomen referred to the cornet he played. When the band finished its evening outdoor performance on the street, its members would disband and most of them begin doing certain duties on inside of theatre and as would be kept busy until the break of day and oftentimes later.

Along about this time the Black Hills excitement broke out and daily six-horse Concord stages were run to Custer City first, then Deadwood. I remember one of the flashy drivers who had the run out of Cheyenne, his name was Johnnie Denny.

During that excitement the Road Agents became plentiful, their raids necessitated the running, once a week or thereabouts of what was known as the Treasure Coach; this was a smaller coach than those used on the regular runs and was lined with sheet steel to above height of a man's head sitting on the inside, in center and fastened to its floor was a treasure chest, in addition to the driver there accompanied this coach two or more guards who were looked upon as men of iron nerve and quick on the trigger. Even with this precaution this coach was robbed and treasure stolen.

On one occasion as this coach was making its run between Custer City and Deadwood, a man jumped out in the road in front of the horses and commanded the driver to hault. The team became frightened and started to run. The man in the road shot and killed the driver, named Johnnie Slaughter. The latter's remains were brought to Cheyenne and buried and the six horses he drove when killed hauled his remains to his last resting ground.

My Uncle, Samuel Montgomery, passed most of his time on a ranch taken up by my father and located one and one-half miles east of Cheyenne on Crow Creek, afterwards owned by Organ and Hammond. My uncle being an old bachelor and on ranch alone most of the time decided to let stop with him during the winter of 1874 two parties named Duke Blackburn and Fonce Ryan. When green grass started they suddenly disappeared with four of our best horses, Winchester rifles and bedding. Duke Blackburn turned out to be the

leader of the road agents that infested the Black Hills region and as a commander he proved a success but like the majority of such characters, he died with his boots on, finally run down and killed by the officers of the law.

(Signed) H. L. KUYKENDALL.

**REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN WAR SOLDIER
WHO SERVED IN DAKOTAH TERRITORY,
NOW WYOMING, FROM 1865-1868.**

To All Whom It May Concern:

Late in December, 1865, two companies of the first battalion 18th U. S. Infantry arrived at Fort Dodge, Kansas, after marching on foot in about two feet of snow from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, about four hundred miles, taking in about twenty-five days march, when before we arrived at Fort Dodge, Kansas, one of our men lagged behind the command from sore feet also blistered feet, and as we were passing through a ravine, the Indians in the brush cut him off from the command, and shot him and then took his scalp on the top of his head, size about four inches long, and three inches wide. That was the first Indian warfare I saw commencing my three years service. So it thrilled the blood in my veins, being only eighteen years of age, so that made me a daring soldier to show no quarter to the hostile Indians when at war with the whites. When we arrived at Fort Dodge, Kansas, there was no barracks built there, nothing but a haystack, which grass was mowed and saved and put up by the 48th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, for to sleep in the hay stack, in size about one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and about ten feet high, so it was a warm place for them to sleep in while on duty.

The barracks they had to sleep in at night was holes in the ground on the bank of the Arkansas River, about four feet, above high water mark size, about six feet in length, eight feet wide and three feet high, the bunks or beds cut at each side out of the dirt and floor in center about two feet wide between the two bunks or beds covered over by brush and gunny sacks and dirt, on a level with the top of the ground. We had a fine door on our cabin instead of a wooden door, an old gunny sack, fronting the river, sidewalk about three feet wide to protect us from walking into the river which was frozen to a depth of about four feet. So you see the fine mansions of sleeping quarters we had at Fort Dodge, Kan-

sas, in the pioneer days of trial and hardship for the Indian war soldier. Had to go for wood for fuel about twenty-five miles to keep us warm and for cooking and making coffee and bean soup. Wood was poor, water seeping out of it. The boys called it Pussy Elm, so you can imagine the hardships we endured in the commencement of our military service for (Uncle Sam) even the few months in Kansas before reaching Dakotah Territory, now called State of Wyoming, where the Sioux Indian warriors controlled the prairies of Dakotah with their brother Indian (Arapahoe) Comanches and Cheyenne tribes (all in arms).

Early in the spring of 1866, our captain got orders to pull up stakes and report to the commanding officer at Fort Caspar, Dakotah territory, now Wyoming, for duty, with two companions. We had a long and tedious march to undertake through a country where the wild Indians roamed at pleasure seeking to exterminate the white man who encroached on their hunting grounds. We passed through Denver, Colorado and camped for a few days on the north side of the South Platte River for recuperation and intermission so as our sore and blistered feet would then receive some medical treatment, but we had not much time to get it, as all the Indian tribes in that country were on the warpath, massacring all the white settlers who were traveling in wagon trains, so we pulled up stakes again and passed through Fort Collins, then to Fort Laramie, Dakotah Territory, where we rested for a few days in order to wash our clothes and get ready for another March, so we pulled up stakes again, for the march passed through Horseshoe Creek and passed in sight of Fort Fetterman but did not stop there. This fort was called after Colonel Fetterman, the daring Indian fighter who was killed with all his men, seventy-three all told, at Piney Creek, three miles east of Fort Phillip Kearney, in December, 1866. Finally we reached Fort Casper, Dakotah Territory, on the banks of the south side of the North Platte River, early in the spring of 1866, and remained there fifteen months.

We had to fight the Indians on our march all along the south for every foot of ground from Horse Shoe creek to Fort Casper, Dakotah Territory, all along the wagon route which had to be close to the North Platte River in order to get water for their stock and also for cooking. There is near by an Indian war soldier buried along the

route on every foot of ground, with a piece of wood at his head marking his grave, company regiment inscribed in it, and will remain there until the day of final retribution, to give an account of his good services which he performed for his country, even giving his life, if necessary, in clearing off the Indians who controlled at that time all Dakotah, now three states, of which Wyoming is one of the most prosperous states in the Union, which about fifty-eight years ago was a territory mostly inhabited by the Red men. We gave our lives, if necessary, for one purpose, in order that the white settlers, or the pale face, as the Indians called us, might settle down and take up homesteads for themselves and their families, and generations yet unborn might live in peace and prosperity and be protected from Indian warfare in their old and declining years, in a territory which was once the home of the Indian and his hunting ground. Nothing to see but the wild buffalo, mountain lion, wolves, deer and antelope. What a change in about fifty odd years, turned into one of the most wealthy and prosperous states in the union, now called Wyoming.

When our command arrived at Fort Casper, Dakotah, on the North Platte River, we had to build log barracks and haul the wood from the Black Hills, about eighteen miles, in the fall of 1868. Nothing to be seen but wolves and mountain lions, howling all night, also Sioux Indians on the war path, seeking to get a chance to attack a small squad of soldiers guarding wagon trains or carrying the U. S. mail from one fort to another, from sixty-five miles to ninety miles apart. While on these duties, not more than eight or ten soldiers, and a non-commissioned officer could be spared from the small garrisons at that time, as some forts had only two companies, and then not filled up to the regular standard, some on detail duty and some in hospital, some on secret duty; had to carry forty rounds of ammunition in our belt, carry a knapsack for hardtack and bacon, also a canteen can and a loaded musket; sleep in our clothes and shoes, our rifle by our side, one blanket to wrap around us and a stone or a piece of dirt for a pillow sham; nothing to eat but hardtack and rusty bacon and coffee, not knowing the moment you would be scalped, and, if taken prisoner, burned to the stake. I think our Company was stationed at Fort Reno, Dakotah Territory, at the time of the massacre at Piney Creek. Colonel Fetterman and seventy-three of his men were all killed.

hand to hand fight, overpowered by Indian warriors, one hundred Indians to one soldier, but I think our Company was escorting wagon trains to Fort Reno and happened to be there at that time after the massacre, so you see what the soldiers who won the West endured. So I remember once what my good old mother used to tell us at the fireside when kids, that the hare, an animal similar to the rabbit, always sleeps with his eyes open, so that was the way we Indian war fighters had to do in Dakotah Territory at that time, always on the alert. If I recollect good, I think I stood guard one night over the remains of Colonel Fetterman, when his relatives were taking his body to the East for burial. He was captain of A Co., 2nd Battalion 18th U. S. Infantry but brevetted, his body all cut up in pieces and the drummer boy staked to the ground with a piece of wood driven through his mouth; nobody left to tell the tale. The battle was fought in the ravine at Piney Creek, three miles East of Phillip Kearney, under the bluff, or as we call it, the hill. The boulders in the creek were red with blood as it is supposed that there were about six thousand Sioux Indian warriors in that fight. It is not known how many Indians were killed, as they carried off their dead after the battle, but I presume there were at least two thousand dead Indians slaughtered, as it was a hand to hand fighting at the end. So our government built a monument of the boulders in commemoration of the soldiers who lost their lives, called Devil's Tower, on the top of the bluff. You can see by the naked eye several miles Big Horn and Little Horn Rivers, also the Rosebud reservation, when General Custer and Major Reno lost their lives in 1876. The boys always called it Reno Creek on account of him being killed there. I was once on an escort carrying U. S. mail along Powder River. We camped late in the evening to rest for the night. It was a stormy night in the fall of 1866. We heard a great noise a few miles down the river bank, so a few of us took our guns to see what it was, as we thought some Indians might be crawling upon us and scalp us, so it turned out to be the reverse, it happened to be a dead Indian hanging on a limb of a tree and all his fighting arms hanging with him, also the head of his pony hanging. This was the custom of some Indians to bury their dead. So we were glad it turned out so, as the Powder River Country at

that time was the fighting ground for the Sioux Indian warriors.

Our company was recruited up in full three times during our service in Dakotah Territory, so a great many of my comrades lie buried along the banks of Powder River and North Platte River, to sleep the sleep of peace. I was always to the front in defense of my country for civilization, but I was one of the lucky ones who was not scalped or burned to the stake, as that was the death of an Indian war soldier, if he was taken prisoner by the Indians from 1865-1868 in Dakotah Territory. So in the summer of 1868 we came back southward, down the Big Horn and Reno valleys, close to the mountains, had to fight Indians all the time through the Rosebud country, and finally our company arrived at Fort D. A. Russell in the fall of 1868 to guard the Union Pacific Railroad which was being built at that time a little west of Cheyenne, the Indians setting fire to the wooden bridges and destroying property all along the road from Cheyenne to Omaha City, so I was doing duty at Fort D. A. Russell for about three or four months before expiration of my services in the Indian war country.

So, after three year's service in the Indian war country, Dakotah Territory, on Powder River, North Platte River, also the Black Hills, carrying U. S. mails from one fort to another, guarding emigrant trains, and building log barracks, sleeping out in the snow, and wading creeks, you can imagine what we soldiers, who won the West, went through, when all Dakotah Territory was a wilderness with the exception of a few places, and there are not many of us alive now who cleared the Dakotah Territory of the savage Indians, in order that white settlers might take up homesteads for themselves and their families and for generations yet unborn, that they might live in peace and prosperity in their old and declining years.

After three years Indian warfare in Dakotah Territory, now the State of Wyoming, from 1863-1868, got honorably discharged at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, November 14, 1868.

FRANCIS CARRE,
National Military Home,
Danville, Illinois.

Co. D.
Late Corporal A Co., 1st Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry.

REMINISCENCES OF AL WHITE

Dictated by Mr. Al White of Cheyenne, May, 1919

I came to Cheyenne in 1869, when but 15 years of age, and with John Underwood and Abe Underwood became a waiter in the Ford Hotel which was located on 16th street, between what was then Eddy and Ferguson Streets, now Pioneer and Carey Avenue, respectively, just east of where Fred Roedel's hardware store is now situated. I received \$75.00 per month as waiter, and received tips of from one to five dollars from each traveler. It was the usual custom to give tips of not less than a dollar at that time. I attended Sunday School where the Methodist Church now stands and there was nothing but prairie between the Ford Hotel and this school house. Each morning a stage drawn by six horses left the Ford Hotel for Denver, and a similar one would arrive from Denver each evening. After working at this hotel for six or seven months I returned to Omaha, and remained there for about six years. At the end of that time I again returned to Cheyenne, and became a clerk in the grocery store owned by Erasmus Nagel which was located at the corner of 17th and Ferguson streets, now Carey Avenue, where the Palace Pharmacy now stands. It was at this time that the Black Hills excitement was on, and I saw the first "Bull Train" composed of three wagons and drawn by 16 to 20 oxen, all driven by one man, leave the Ford Hotel for the Black Hills. During these times we often sold as much as \$5,000 worth of supplies per day from the store of Erasmus Nagel.

B. L. Ford, a colored man, was proprietor of the Ford Hotel, and later built the Inter-Ocean Hotel which he afterwards sold to Chase Bros.

Cheyenne was called the "Tent City" in 1869, two years after the Union Pacific Railroad came through. McDaniels Variety Theater was situated where Dineen's Garage now stands.

In 1880 I married Mary Hutt of Moline, Illinois, and later we came to live in our home which was situated on two of the lots where the Capitol Building now stands. These two lots I purchased for \$300 and three years later sold them to the Capitol Building Commission for \$1,000. They measured 66x132. Hi Kelly and Mrs. Argensheimer owned the other lots on which the Capitol is now situated. One summer Mrs. White and I picked

30 quarts of strawberries of just the common variety, not ever-bearing as we have now, from our garden on this site.

The Union Pacific deeded the ground to the city which is now used as a park, for this express purpose, and Henry Altman and Major Talbot donated some of the trees which were set out at that time. I believe the first trees planted in Cheyenne were set out in front of where the Cheyenne Fire House now stands.

I purchased the circulation of "The Sun" from George Jennings in September of 1887. E. A. Slack was the owner of this paper whose office was located on Eddy, now Pioneer Avenue and 17th Streets where the I. O. O. F. or Woodmen's Building is now located. In those days we received \$1.00 per month for the paper which was a daily of eight pages. "The Sun" was the Republican paper, and the "Leader" then owned by John Carroll and (Tom) Breckons was the Democratic paper. Judge Carey established the "Tribune" in the Old Opera House Block, after purchasing the John Shingle Tribune and another paper.

F. E. Warren and Converse had a little furniture store just west of the present Hynds Building in the early 70's.

Hellman had a clothing store where Washington Market is now located.

When we lived on the site where the capitol now stands there was one night that we could not sleep because of the noise caused by men beating on the doors of the county jail in order to have Mosher turned over to them because he had murdered two men in order to rob them, who were occupying a camp wagon on the edge of town, so about five o'clock in the A. M. we started down to the Court House and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Durbin who said the masked mob had just hanged Mosher to a telegraph pole on the corner of 19th and Eddy Streets, now Pioneer Avenue. Mr. Ed Smalley is able to give a detailed history of the Mosher hanging.

The Kirkendall and Code families lived in the house where Myers Dry Goods Store and Niveth's Jewelry Store now stand.

NOTICE

Owing to conditions which could not be controlled, the October 1926 Annals was not issued but we are now issuing a double number containing the same amount of history which would have been published in two numbers.

ACCESSIONS FROM JULY 1, 1927 TO JANUARY 1, 1928

PEASE, MRS. VERA JANE EDWARDS—Collection of 215 post-card views of scenes in France; 18 unmounted photographs of pageants directed by Mrs. Pease; 9 mounted photographs of scenes in Japan; two photographs of Mrs. Pease; framed photograph of Mrs. Pease; 16 programs of pageants directed by Mrs. Pease; 15 unmounted photographs of war zone; 29 unmounted kodak views of scenes in France; 16 shells; 12 pieces of French paper money; samples of soft white stone from French trenches; American Red Cross Disk No. 4352; panoramic view of Shakespeare Pageant in Seattle directed by Mrs. Pease; German wooden shoe found in dugout of Germans; large knife found in dugout of Germans; veil worn on head of American Red Cross workers in France; Red Cross flag used on Red Cross hut in France; United States flag which was used at funeral to cover the bodies of dead soldiers in France, A. E. F.; candles used on altar at funerals of Catholic soldiers; silver bowl of artificial flowers used on the altar of funerals of soldiers in France; two large shells and cover for shell; collection of letters, official papers, clippings, etc.; seven publications issued in France during World War; five booklets of postal cards, views of France; roll of crepe paper decorations used in Red Cross hut in France; five booklets of songs and prayers used in France; sign used on Red Cross huts in France and two insignia; large poster with picture of Mrs. Pease which was on door of hut in France; three post cards received by Mrs. Pease from delegates to American Legion convention in Paris in September, 1927; kodak picture of neglected graves of pioneers in Thermopolis, Wyoming; kodak pictures of Wilbur Cornwall, overseas veteran, who is doing fine Americanization work among the settlers on the Frannie project.

WATTS, A. E.—Cap and ball pistol carried by Captain Jenks (father of Mrs. Luke Voorhees), in the fifties to California via the Isthmus of Panama; framed picture of Cheyenne, 45 years ago—shows office of Denver Home Brewing Co., and loaded wagon with drivers and spectators in front; framed picture of Algiers Light Artillery, Spanish War Veterans, taken on porch of home of Captain Palmer, 1711 Warren avenue, in 1898; book "The Volunteer Quartermaster" governing the quartermaster's department of the United States Army and in force May 9, 1865. Has signature of Col. C. A. Reynolds, who was quartermaster at Camp Carling, one and a half miles west of Cheyenne in 1871 in front of book; book "A Treatise on Surveying" containing signature of J. O. Mill, one of the Surveyors of the Union Pacific Railroad.

LOGAN, E. A.—Old hatchet found buried in basement of the Dyer Hotel, the first hotel erected in Cheyenne. Its appearance would indicate that it was very old.

HALE, MISS DOROTHY—Two applications for money orders, dated December, 1880, two applications for money orders dated January, 1881; two registry bills, 1881 and 1888, all found at old Fort Laramie; letter from Thos. J. Haynes to John Hunton.

MILLS, MRS. S. L.—The Wyoming Farmer, Vol. 1, No. 1, July 4, 1888, the Sundance Gazette, Vol. 1, No. 1, October 25, 1884. Both papers published in Sundance, Wyoming; picture of George W. Laney located ten miles from the Devil's Tower, where he lived for 29 years.

SCHILLING, ADAM J.—Tinted photograph of President Roosevelt and escort on occasion of his visit to Wyoming in 1903; photograph of Battery "A" Volunteers, Wyoming Light Artillery, taken August 24, 1898.

HERRON, RALPH—Two kodak views of the opening of the Cody entrance to Yellowstone Park.

CRAWFORD, L. C.—Book "Rekindling Camp Fires," by L. C. Crawford, superintendent of the State Historical Society of North Dakota; pamphlet "Sakakawea," by Helen Crawford, daughter of Mr. Crawford.

RIETZ, MRS. C. F.—Piece of Linsey Woolsey made by Mrs. Amanda Cox in Salem, Dent County, Missouri, in 1884. Mrs. Cox sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun and wove the yarn. She colored the brown in the material with walnut bark, the green with sumac berries and the red with the old red aniline dye. Mrs. Cox, who is an aunt of Mrs. Reitz, was born in 1833 in Tennessee. She came overland with her parents to Missouri in 1836.

PERKINS, ADAM C.—Song-sheet music designed and published by Mr. Perkins, "United States Flag Hymn." A tone for each flag in the order of their admission to the Union.

FAVILLE, A. D.—Two views of Fort Laramie taken in September, 1927.

GRAND TEMPLE OF ORDER OF PYTHIAN SISTERS OF WYOMING—Book History of the Order of Pythian Sisters.

ADAMSKY, MRS. RALPH—Pamphlet, "The Bozeman Trail," by Lillian Van Burgh.

FRYXELL, F. M.—Eight views taken by Dr. Fryxell and party while making an ascension of the Grand Teton; five views of Old Fort Bridger; ten views of Independence Rock; four views of Old Fort Laramie; view of the mysterious grave on Jim Imeson homestead above the mouth of the Hoback on Camp Creek; view of the Gros Ventre Slide after the flood "August, 1927; three views of the historic Goose Egg Ranch, twelve miles up from the North Platte; picture of W. O. Owen taken in August, 1927; pamphlet, "The Medicine Bow Mountains of Wyoming," by Mr. Fryxell; manuscript, "The Green Tree," by Dr. Fryxell.

GARRETSON, M. S.—Pamphlet, "The American Bison," for use in the schools, by Mr. Garretson.

LUSK, FRANK—Certificate No. 23, "Monitor, Wyoming," Silver Service Fund, showing that Mrs. C. M. Lusk, Lusk, Wyoming, was a subscriber to the fund for the purchase of a Silver Service to be presented to the Monitor named in honor of the State of Wyoming. Certificate signed by DeF. Richards, Governor of Wyoming, and Vivia B. Henderson, secretary of the fund.

CARROLL, MAJOR C. G.—“The Citizen Soldier,” Volume 2, number 1, for August, 1927, giving history of the 148th Field Artillery. Five volumes of the “Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers, Sailors and Marines.” This makes ten volumes received by the department. When the set is completed there will be 27 volumes.

WHEELER, EVA FLOY—Original manuscript. “Wyoming writers; a Preliminary Survey.” This is a thesis in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an M. A. degree from the University of Wyoming.

HOLDEN, MISS ELLA M.—Original manuscript “In the Valley of the Fontenelle.”

BEACH, MRS. CORA M.—Address on Hat Creek, given by Mrs. Beach at the dedication of the marker at that place by the D. A. R.

SAMPLE, MRS. HAZEL HARPER—“Why the Meadow Lark was Chosen State Bird of Wyoming,” by Mrs. Sample.

MRS. SCOTT DAVIS—Hobbles used by Scott Davis at time he led defense of the Treasure Coach from the Black Hills in 1878, when five bandits attacked it at Cold Springs. One of the guards was killed and several others, including Mr. Davis, were injured. It was after this episode that the Wyoming Territorial Legislature passed a resolution citing Mr. Davis for bravery; handcuffs used by Mr. Davis when he was deputy sheriff at Deadwood, South Dakota; hunting pipe given Mr. Davis about 45 years ago by Hunter, a man who came west from New York and posed as a mining expert, forging a check for \$10,000.00. Mr. Davis captured him at Pierre, South Dakota, before he had a chance to dispose of the money; shotgun and rifle used by Mr. Davis while guarding the Treasure Coach; cartridge vest and belt used at the same time; pair of field glasses used by Mr. Davis when he was freighting to Custer; lash of whip used by Mr. Davis when at the age of 14 he drove a bull team from Fremont, Nebraska, to the Black Hills; old hand-made Mexican spurs; two old hand-made bridles; one bridle with engraved bit used by Mr. Davis; old skinning knife; Indian war club picked up near Custer battlefield shortly after the battle; tomahawk; pair of martingales.

RAY, MR. CARL—Complete film of the arrival by air of Colonel Lindburgh in Cheyenne on September 2, 1927. Presented to the Governor of Wyoming, Governor Emerson, by Carl Ray, to be placed in the archives of the State. This film is between 200 and 210 feet long.

BUFFALO BILL MUSEUM ASSOCIATION—Book, “Anecdotes of ‘Buffalo Bill’” by Dan Wingert. Wingert was a boyhood chum of W. F. Cody.

EDWARDS, MRS. ELSA SPEAR—Kodak picture of what is presumably a community dance floor in Medicine Wheel.

BICKFORD, CHARLES—Penny dated 1864 bearing United States shield and words “Union Forever.”

The following collection of war trophies is part of the allotment made by the United States Government to the State of Wyoming. Through the activity of the Francis E. Self Post No. 6, this collec-

tion was obtained for the State Historical Department:

1 box belt for German machine gun, 6 "Got Mit Uns" buckles, 1 container for coffee and tea, 1 fuse-timer, 1 lantern, French; 1 machine, belt loading; 2 ornaments, eagle; 1 saw, flexible; 1 shell, 150 M.M.; 1 shell, 170 M.M.; 1 armour body, 3 bayonets, plain; 2 bayonets, sawtooth; 1 grenade thrower; 3 canteens, infantry; 1 sword; 1 canteen, medical; 3 sabers; 1 case cartridge brass, 77 M.M.; 6 assorted rifles; 1 case cartridge brass, 150 M.M.; 1 rifle anti-tank, 13 M.M.; 1 case cartridge brass, 210 M.M.; 1 gas mask; 2 helmets, steel; 2 (assorted) machine guns, M. 1908; 1 helmet, Uhlan.

CARROLL, MAJOR C. G.—Original manuscript—"History of Wyoming National Guard."

BANKS, MRS. E. M.—Commission issued by Thomas Moonlight, Governor of the Territory of Wyoming to M. F. Knadler, as Captain Company "A" First Regiment Infantry, Wyoming National Guard or "Laramie Greys." Dated the 28th day of May, 1888. This was the beginning of the Wyoming National Guard and the first commission issued for captain. Mr. Knadler lived in Laramie, coming there in 1869 as a soldier at Fort Sanders. He was afterwards a first lieutenant in the Spanish-American War. He died in Laramie in 1921.

EDWARDS, MRS. ELSA SPEAR—Original manuscript by J. T. Williamson, entitled, "An Outing in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming."

MILLS, MR. H. E.—Collection of relics from Old Fort Stambaugh, including the following articles: Burro hoof and shoe; hand-made martingale decoration; stable hook from old fort; soldier's cap strap; Indian stone hatchet; army wagon endgate rod holder; officer's epaulette; burro shoe; ox shoe; part of old Sharp's carbine; hand-made nails; collection of broken arrowheads; old Sharp's 50-cal. shells. Bullets picked up on prairie south of Stambaugh; collection of four Indian hide scrapers from Sweetwater.

ACKLEY, MR. C. S.—Gun owned by Fred Habig or "Winchester Pete," who lived on London Flat for the last forty years or so. At one time he held the state engineer off, not allowing him to make a survey across his place. At another time he defied the U. S. R. S. (United States Railway Surveyors) and kept them from running their lines through his land. At one time he had a fight with Joe Wilde at Fort Laramie in which he shot Mr. Wilde with this gun.

CALVERLY, J. A.—Panoramic picture of Machine Gun Company, Third Wyoming Infantry, Fort Russell, Wyoming.

MARCYES, C. O.—Historian's Annual Report of the Society of Montana Pioneers. Clark Edition, 1927.

MORSE, MR. C. H.—Book "Frontier Days," by Judge W. L. Kuykendall.

VON BLESSING, C. A.—Ox shoe found in the mountains of northern Wyoming.

CASPER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE—Pamphlet "The Casper Pathfinder," an Industrial survey.

SLOAN, MRS. AUSTIN—Autobiography of W. K. Sloan. This is the original manuscript contained in an old day book; reprint of "The Declaration of Independence"—the reprint printed on the Old Ephrata Press at the Continental Exposition, 1876. The original Declaration of Independence was printed on this press

in 1776. The press was loaned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania to Messrs. Rex and Bockkus, inventor of printing presses and exhibited by them in contrast with modern machinery at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, May 10th to November 10, 1876, at which exhibition this sheet was printed upon it. The sheet gives a list of the notable works which have been printed on this old press.

HALE, MRS. J. R.—Typed copy of original manuscript diary of Charles Wickliff Hale, kept during his residence near Fort Laramie from February 22, to December 31, 1884.

OWEN, MR. W. O.—Original manuscript "The Naming of Mount Owen," written by Mr. Owen describing how his name had been selected for one of the peaks of the Teton range. The following articles which were used by Mr. Owen and his party, which included Frank L. Spaulding, Frank L. Peterson and John Shive, upon the occasion of their making the first ascent of the Grand Teton on August 11, 1898: Original metal banner which was planted upon the summit; staff to which banner was attached, the small cylindrical metal box attached to the rod contained a slip of paper bearing names of party, date of ascent, etc. The record was intact when found by Blackburn and his two companions when they made their ascent in August, 1923 (the first ascent after that of August 11, 1898); aneroid in leather case which was carried by Mr. Owen and the ice axe used in chopping their way through. Five large photographs of the Tetons as follows: No. 1—The Grand Teton, looking west from an altitude of 10,800 feet. Peak is only one-half mile from the camera. This photo was taken in 1923; No. 2—The Grand Teton from near Deadman's Bar, on Snake River. Looking West. Snake river in the foreground. The peak is about 12 miles distant from the camera; No. 3—Grand Teton and Mount Owen from the old Jimmy Mangus ranch. Looking westerly. About six miles distant. Mount Owen is the sharp pinnacle just to the right of the Grand Teton; No. 4—The Tetons from near Struthers Burt's ranch on Snake River. Looking west, about six miles distant. The Grand Teton is in the middle. The snowy summit to the right of the Grand Teton is Mount Owen, 12,910 feet, and the first peak to the left of the Grand Teton is the Middle Teton—one of the renowned "Trois Tetons" of the old French trappers. The south Teton of this noted group is hidden by nearer summits. Snake River is in the foreground. No. 5—Group of Tetons from point on the Yellowstone highway looking southwest, about six miles away. The Grand Teton is the middle peak, and the one next to the right is Mount Owen. The point to the left of the Grand Teton has no name. It is a rough old crag and seemingly as high as the other two, but is fully 3,000 feet lower than the Grand Teton. This photo was taken in September, 1927. Copyright on this photo has been applied for. All other pictures are fully copyrighted.

MILLER, MR. LESLIE A.—Framed certificate of naturalization of George Bauman (Bowman), Great-great-great grandfather of Mr. Miller, dated October 16th, 1765.

AULTMAN, ALMA H.—Newspaper clippings: Frontier week rodeo held at Cheyenne, Wyoming, July, 1927; Airport, Cheyenne; Beautification of Fort D. A. Russell. These articles were written by Alma H. Aultman and published in the Indianapolis

Star. Mrs. Aultman is the wife of General Aultman, commanding officer on station at Fort D. A. Russell.

WORKING, MR. D. W.—Letter from L. L. Bedell of the firm of L. L. Bedell & Co., proprietors of The Cheyenne Daily Argus, addressed to "Friend Stanton" and dated September 5th, 1868. Mr. Working writes: "The Stanton referred to (addressed) was a civil engineer and rather prolific writer in the early days in Denver. Much of his writing was for a paper which he published for a time in Denver. He also wrote many letters for the Rocky Mountain News, he being one of the earliest advocates of controlling the floods of Cherry Creek, which stream, as you may know, has been one of Denver's real problems since the disastrous flood of 1864." The letterhead shows that the office of the Cheyenne Daily Argus was located at the corner of Ferguson and 17th Streets and says "Plain and Fancy Printing, In All Its Varieties, Neatly Executed, on the Shortest Notice."

PURCHASED BY THE DEPARTMENT

"What I Saw in California," by Edwin Bryant. Published in 1849. Being a journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in the year 1846.

"Over the Range to the Golden Gate." A complete tourist's guide. By Stanley Wood, published in 1901.

"The Great West," by Henry Howe, published in 1857. Contains narratives of the most important and interesting events in western history, sketches of frontier life, etc.

Good Housekeeping Haggazine for August, September and October, 1927, containing article by Ex-Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross, "The Governor Lady."

"Women of Wyoming," compiled by Mrs. Cora M. Beach.

"Autobiography of John Ball," by Lucy M. Ball. Mr. Ball was a member of Captain N. Wyeth's party which crossed the plains in 1832.

"Report of a Reconnaissance of the Black Hills of Dakota made in the summer of 1874," by William Ludlow.

"The Outlaws of Cave-In Rock," by Otto A. Rothert.

"Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River," by John K. Townsend, published in 1839.

"Oregon Territory," by the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, published in 1846.

"The Narrative of Samuel Hancock of His Overland Journey to Oregon in 1845." Includes map of Oregon Trail. Published in 1927.

"Sport and Life in Western America and British Columbia," by Baillie-Grohman. Contains an account of hunting big game in Wyoming.

"Caspar Collins," by Agnes Wright Spring. Mrs. Spring was at one time the state librarian of Wyoming.

"Riata and Spurs," by Charles A. Siringo. Contains much Wyoming history.

Wylie's map of the Western Hemisphere, 1832.

Universal Indian Sign Language, by William Tomkins.

From the West to the West, by Abigail Scott Duniway.

Fremont's Life, Explorations and Public Service, by Charles Wentworth Epham. Published in 1856.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 5

JUNE, 1929

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Grace Raymond Hebard
318 So. 10th Street

CONTENTS

The Story of Deadman's Bar-----	F. M. Fryxell
Reminiscences-----	Edward Ordway

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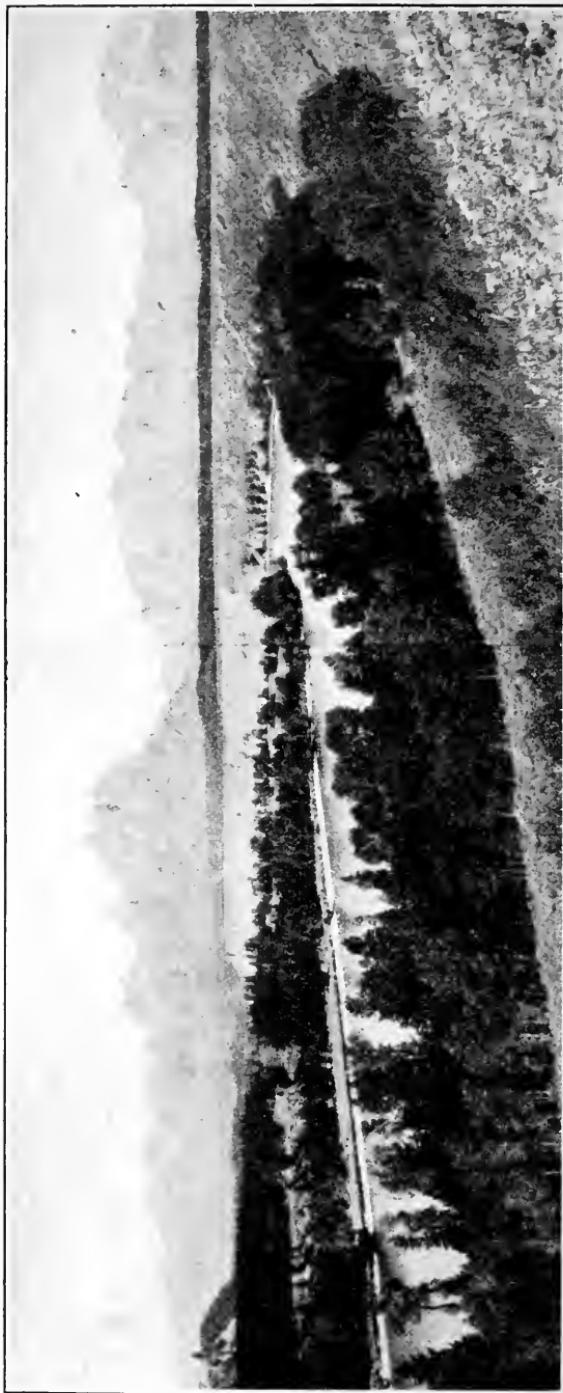
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CHAPTER 96
STATE HISTORICAL BOARD
Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

- (a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.
- (b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.
- (c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.
- (d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.
- (e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.
- (f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.
- (g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.
- (h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Deadman's Bar. View looking toward Teton Range.

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THE STORY OF DEADMAN'S BAR

By F. M. Fryxell

INTRODUCTION

Jackson Hole, widely reputed to have been the favored retreat and rendezvous of cattle thieves, outlaws, and "bad men" in the early days, has long enjoyed the glamour which goes with a dark and sinful past, and this reputation has by no means been lost sight of by those who have been active in advertising the assets of this fascinating region. But when the dispassionate historian critically investigates the basis for this reputation he is surprised to find so little evidence wherewith to justify it, or to indicate that pioneer times in Jackson Hole were much different from those in other nearby frontier communities; and he is forced to conclude that the notoriety of Jackson Hole, like the rumor of Mark Twain's death, has been slightly exaggerated. Doubtless the geographic features of the valley have encouraged the popular belief for from the standpoint of isolation and inaccessibility Jackson Hole might well have been a paradise for the fugitive and lawless.

But, in fairness to the old idea, which one is reluctant to abandon, it must be conceded that among the authentic narratives, that have come down to us from pioneer times, there are one or two which hold their own with the choicest that wild west fiction has dared to offer, and these bolster up to some extent the rather faltering case for Jackson Hole's former exceptional badness. Such a narrative is the story of Deadman's Bar.

There are few residents of the Jackson Hole country who have not heard of the Deadman's Bar affair, a triple killing which took place in the summer of 1886 along the Snake River and which gave this section of the river the name of Deadman's Bar.¹ It is the most grim narrative and

1. I have never seen Deadman's Bar marked on any map, nor previously referred to in the literature of the region, so with reference to the spelling of the name there appears to be no definite precedent to follow. In keeping with the practice of the United States Geographic Board, "Deadman's" is here spelled as a single word. The plural form "Deadmen's", is the logical one, but it has never come into use in Jackson Hole so far as I am aware, and therefore the singular form is retained in this paper.

the most celebrated in the pioneer history of the valley, and its details are sufficiently bloody to satisfy the most sanguinary tourist, thirsty for western thrills. In comparison with this true tragedy the movie tragedies that have in recent years been filmed in Wyoming (one of them in Jackson Hole, on the very ground of Deadman's Bar!) strike one as pale and commonplace.

It is but natural that contradictory and garbled versions of this incident should have gained local currency: the story lends itself well, too well—to the fireside, and consequently it has been retold innumerable times during the last four decades, without ever being recorded as a matter of history. While probably the details lost nothing of their vividness in the telling (story-telling being a fine art here in the heart of the dude ranch country), it is to be feared that they suffered somewhat with respect to accuracy, there being no written account at hand to inconvenience the scald or curb his imagination.

Impressed with the desirability of getting at the facts of the Deadman's Bar affair, Colonel H. C. Ericsson, Mr. W. O. Owen, and the writer, while associated in Jackson Hole during the month of August, 1928, determined to make an investigation and preserve such scraps of information as remained after the lapse of 42 years. It was still possible to obtain a first-hand and reliable account from the late Emile Wolff, one of the first settlers in Jackson Hole and the only individual alive who was directly involved in the matter.

By good fortune Mr. William Crawford, veteran trapper of Jackson Hole, who for many years has been living in retirement in Los Angeles, California, chanced to be visiting in the valley and was able to add some facts of great interest, and to assist materially in unraveling the story. Two visits were made to Deadman's Bar, and the setting of the event reconstructed. Some months later, the writer enlisted the interest and co-operation of the Court officials at Evanston, Wyoming, and of Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian of Wyoming, with the result that unexpected information was discovered.

The story of the affair at Deadman's Bar, as secured from these sources, is set forth in successive chapters. It will be seen that the several versions are in substantial agreement. No attempt will be made to reconcile the minor discrepancies which the reader will doubtless discover from time to time.

The writer expresses his great obligation to Colonel H. C. Ericsson, Mr. W. O. Owen, Emile Wolff, Mr. William

Crawford, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Judge John R. Arnold, Mr. Clarence Cook and Mr. James Brown whose assistance made possible this resurrection of the true story of Deadman's Bar.

I

Emile Wolff's Narrative

When Colonel Ericsson, Mr. Owen, and the writer visited Emile Wolff on August 9, 1928, we found him stricken with the infirmities of old age and confined to what proved to be his deathbed.² Nevertheless his senses were alert and his memory concerning the period in question keen and accurate. The account he gave checked in every detail with one he had given Colonel Ericsson a year earlier, and his recollection of names and dates agreed in most cases with evidence obtained later from other sources. In his enfeebled condition, however, Wolff was so weakened by the telling of his story that the interview had perforce to be cut short and certain questions left unanswered. A few questions Wolff declined to answer with the statement that there were features of the affair he would like to forget if he could, and there were others he had never told anyone and never would. What he had told other men, he said, he would tell us.

Concerning himself³ Mr. Wolff stated that he was 76 years old and a German by blood and birth, having been born in 1854 in Luxembourg. He received an education along medical lines in the old country; and when still a very young man, only 16, emigrated to America, where he served for some years in the United States Army in the far West, part of the time as volunteer doctor. His first visit to the Jackson Hole region was in 1872 when he came to Teton Basin (Pierre's Hole) for a brief period. In 1878 while serv-

2. Word of Mr. Wolff's passing on November 7, 1928, was received on the day this chapter was written (November 17).

3. To this brief account of Emile Wolff's life may be added the following obituary notice which appeared in the issue of the Jackson Hole Courier for November 15, 1928:

"Emile Wolff was born in Luxembourg in the year of 1854 and came to this country at the age of 16 and enlisted in the U. S. Army. He served for years, acting as hospital steward for a time. He served his last enlistment at old Fort Hall, Idaho.

"After being mustered out of the army he located on a ranch on Moody Creek about six miles from Rexburg, Idaho, where he lived several years. Selling that property, he moved into Teton Basin, where he located another ranch and went into the cattle business, finally coming to Jackson Hole in the summer of 1888. He located on what is now known as part of the Government Game Refuge on Flat Creek near the present Jackson town site.

"In 1891 Mr. Wolff returned to his old home in Luxembourg and in the following year returned with a wife. The couple located on Spread Creek, the present family home. To the union four children were born, two boys and two girls, who with their mother survive.

"For several years Mr. Wolff held the position of Forest Ranger. He was honest and upright in his dealings, a good citizen and neighbor, and highly respected by all."

ing under Lieutenant Hall he came into Jackson Hole, his detachment being sent to carry food to Lieutenant Doane's outfit, which had lost its supplies in the Snake River while engaged in a geological survey of the Jackson Hole area.

In 1886, Wolff stated, he came to the region to stay, settling first in Teton Basin. It was in this year that the Deadman's Bar incident took place. The account of this affair which follows is pieced together from the facts given by Wolff; no information gained from other sources has been introduced, and there have been no changes made in the story other than the rearrangement of its details into historical order. The account as set forth has been verified by both Colonel Ericsson and Mr. Owen, who were present at its telling.

In the spring of 1886 four strangers came into Jackson Hole to take up placer mining along Snake River, whose gravels were then reputed to be rich in gold. The new outfit had been organized in Montana, and originally had consisted of three partners, Henry Welter, (T. H.) Tiggerman, and (August) Kellenberger—"the Germans" as they came to be called. Henry Welter, who had previously been a brewer in Montana, proved to be an old friend and schoolmate of Emile Wolff's from Luxembourg. Tiggerman was a gigantic fellow who had served on the King's Guard in Germany; he seemed to be something of a leader in the project, claiming—apparently on insecure grounds—that he knew where placer gold was to be obtained. August Kellenberger, also a brewer by trade, was a small man who had two fingers missing from his right hand. The trio of prospective miners had added a fourth man to the outfit, one John Tonnar by name, also a German, under promise of grub and a split in the cleanup.

The miners located near the center of Jackson Hole on the north bank of the Snake where that river flows west for a short distance. They erected no cabins, according to Wolff, but lived in tents pitched in a clearing among the trees on the bar, within a few hundred yards or so of the river. Occasional visits to the few ranchers then in this portion of the Territory brought them a few acquaintances. Once they ran out of grub and crossed Teton Pass to Wolff's place to get supplies. Wolff recalled that they paid for their purchases with a \$20 gold piece. They wanted a saw, and Wolff directed them to a neighbor who had one; this they borrowed, leaving \$10 as security.

On the occasion of this visit they spoke of building a raft to use in crossing the Snake at their workings, and Wolff tried to dissuade them from the project, assuring

them that they did not appreciate how dangerous the Snake could be when on the rise; but they laughed off his warnings with the statement that they had built and handled rafts before, and knew their business.

Wolff learned little, until later, concerning the mutual relations of the four men on the bar, nor concerning what success, if any, they had in finding gold.

Late that summer when haying time was at hand in Teton Basin, Wolff was surprised to see a man approaching his cabin on foot. "Seeing any man, and especially one afoot, was a rare sight in those days," commented Wolff. It proved to be the miner, Tonnar, and he asked to be given work. Curious as to what was up between Tonnar and his partners, Wolff quizzed him but received only the rather unsatisfactory statement that Tonnar had left the three miners while they were making plans to raft the Snake in order to fetch a supply of meat for the camp.

With hay ready for cutting, Wolff was glad to hire Tonnar for work in the fields. For a month the two men slept together, and during this time Wolff noticed that Tonnar invariably wore his gun or had it within reach, but while he suspected that all was not right he made no further investigation. Wolff retained a mental picture of Tonnar as being a small, dark-complexioned man of rather untrustworthy appearance and manner.

Once Tonnar instructed Wolff to investigate a certain hiding place in the cabin, and he would find some valuables which he asked him to take charge of. Wolff did so and claims that he found a silver watch and a purse containing \$28.

Then one day late in August a sheriff and posse came to the cabin and asked Wolff if he could furnish information concerning the whereabouts of the miner, Jack Tonnar (at the time Tonnar was absent, working in the fields). Briefly the posse explained that Tonnar's three partners had been found dead, that Tonnar was believed guilty of their murder, and that the posse was commissioned to take him. Horrified to think that for a month he had sheltered and slept with such a desperate character, Wolff could only reply, "My God! Grab him while you can!" Tonnar was found on a haystack and captured before he could bring his gun into play.

From the posse Wolff learned that a party boating from Yellowstone Park down the Lewis and Snake rivers, under the leadership of one Frye,⁴ had stopped at the work-

4. Wolff seems to have been in error with respect to the spelling of this name, as this man is doubtless the Frank Free referred to in Chapters III and IV, a witness at Tonnar's trial.

ings of the miners but had found them unoccupied. Just below the encampment, at the foot of a bluff where the Snake had cut into a gravel bank, they had come upon three bodies lying in the edge of the water, weighted down with stones. They had reported the gruesome find, and the arrest of Tonnar on Wolff's place resulted.

Wolff, Dr. W. A. Hocker (a surgeon from Evanston), and a couple of Wolff's neighbors from Teton Basin hurried to the scene of the killings, a place which has ever since been known as Deadman's Bar. They readily identified the bodies, Tiggerman by his size, and Kellenberger from the absence of two fingers on his right hand. They found that Kellenberger had been shot twice in the back, that Welter had an axe cut in the head, and that Tiggerman's head was crushed, presumably also with an axe. Wolff gave it as their conclusion that the three men must have been killed while asleep; and that their bodies had been hauled up onto the "rim" and rolled down the gravel bluff into the river, where they had lodged in shallow water and subsequently been covered with rocks. Probably the water had later fallen, more fully exposing the bodies so that they had been discovered by Frye's men.

Wolff and Hocker removed the heads of Welter and Tiggerman and cleaned the skulls, preserving them as evidence. Wolff denied that they buried the bodies, but claimed that they threw them back in the edge of the water and covered them again with rocks.

Tonnar pleaded not guilty and was taken to Evanston, the county seat of Uinta County (which then embraced the westernmost strip of Wyoming Territory), and here he was tried the following spring before Judge Samuel Corn. Wolff was called on to testify at the trial, mentioning, among other things, the incident of the watch and the purse, both of which he was positive Tonnar had stolen from his murdered partners.

To the general surprise of Wolff, Judge Corn, and others present at the trial, Tonnar was acquitted by the jury, despite the certainty of his guilt. What subsequently became of him is not clear. Wolff was questioned on this point, and at first declined to speak, later, however, expressing the belief that Tonnar probably went back to the old country for fear that friends of Welter, Tiggerman, and Kellerman might take the law into their own hands since the jury had failed to convict him.

Concerning the question of motive for the killing, Wolff stated that he knew Tonnar and the three men quarreled. The original partners planned to turn Tonnar loose

when his services were no longer needed in sluice digging, etc., minus his share in the cleanup. To discourage his persisting with their outfit they had beaten him up badly a few days prior to the murders; but instead of leaving Tonnar had stayed at camp, nursing his bruises and plans for revenge, finally carrying out the latter to the consummation already described. Wolff did not believe that robbery was a factor of much importance in instigating the crime.

II

William Crawford's Narrative

William Crawford's story constitutes a brief sequel to the foregoing account. Crawford was one of the first trappers in Jackson Hole, spending several trapping seasons in the region during the '80's when its vast fur resources were yet scarcely touched.

Crawford relates that late in the summer of 1886 he set out on a journey northward through Jackson Hole, with Jackson Lake as a destination, following the Snake River in order to locate favorable beaver signs preliminary to the fall trapping. His route brought him to the stretch along the ~~Snake~~ now called Deadman's Bar, and just below the great bluff eroded from the east banks of the river his attention was arrested by the remains of a camp which gave evidence of having been very recently abandoned. Hanging from the limb of a cottonwood about ten yards from the river he discovered a large cast-iron kettle. This interested him because, as the old trapper naively put it, "Thinks I to myself, here's where I gets me a nice cooking kettle!" But when he unhooked it he found that it contained a mass of putrid flesh and tangled hair that smelled so horribly he was glad to make his escape, leaving kettle behind. Obviously he made no further investigation as to the nature or origin of the offensive contents.

About ten yards farther in from the river and immediately at the foot of the bluff Crawford noticed a large mound of boulders, recently heaped together. He was positive that burials had recently occurred here, on the outskirts of the camp before the latter had been abandoned; but whether the interment was of human or animal remains he could not be sure, although he suspected the former since burying animals was in those days regarded as needless bother.

But his quest was for beaver signs, so without troubling himself further about the mystery Crawford continued up the Snake; and it was not until several months later, in No-

vember, that he got back to the settlement and learned what had happened on the bar that summer. The camp he had stumbled on was that of Hocker and Wolff, and the kettle he had coveted was the one they had abandoned at the conclusion of their ghastly task of preparing the skulls of Welter and Tiggerman for court exhibition.

Despite the statement of Wolff that he and Hocked did not bury the bodies but put them back in the edge of the river and covered them with stones, Crawford is emphatic in his belief that the fresh mound he found near the camp, about 20 yards from the edge of the river, represents the burial place of at least Welter and Tiggerman, and very likely all three of the victims.⁵

On August 12, 1928, Crawford went with Colonel Ericsson and the writer to the scene of the above incident, which he felt sure he could readily locate because of its position at the lower tip of the great eroding bluff. We had had previous occasion to test the veteran trapper's phenomenal memory and keenness of observation, so were well prepared to have him lead the way unhesitatingly to an old forked cottonwood which in appearance and location answered to the description he had previously given us. Hanging from the lower limb of this tree, he informed us, he had found the iron kettle. There was, of course, no vestige of the camp, and the loose gravel from the bluff had slid down to such an extent that the grave mound could no longer be distinguished. Nevertheless, if Crawford is correct in his interpretation of what he found—and after considering all the evidence, Colonel Ericsson and the writer are inclined to believe he is correct—the resting place of the ill-fated placer miners of Deadman's Bar was determined within a possible error of not more than a few yards. Cairns were erected at the base of the tree and at the bottom of the bluff for future reference.

5. The contradiction between the accounts of Wolff and Crawford with regard to the disposition of the bodies may be only apparent. Possibly Wolff's words "in the edge of the river" should not be taken too literally; we could not get an exact definition from him. It may be that Wolff did not care to reveal the exact spot. It is possible, too, that Wolff's recollection on this point may have been somewhat hazy, or that the shifting of the shoreline between high and low stages of the river may help to explain the discrepancy. Certainly Crawford's discovery seems highly significant, and its evidence cannot be summarily rejected because contradicted by Wolff's story.

III

Account Published in the Cheyenne Daily Sun

Our files of the few newspapers published in Wyoming Territory and adjacent regions during the middle '80's are very incomplete, and consequently the search of the State Historical Department for evidence bearing on the Deadman's Bar affair resulted in the discovery of only one reference. This account, which follows, appeared in the Cheyenne Daily Sun for April 17, 1887, and is, fortunately, quite complete.

"Evanston, Wyoming, April 15. The trial of John Tonnar, a German, charged with the murder of three of his countrymen, was concluded here today, the jury bringing in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' Intense interest has been manifested during the trial, and the result is looked upon very much as in the case of the McIntosh brothers, tried in Cheyenne a few months ago. The case was very ably prosecuted by C. D. Clark of Evanston, and H. B. Head, the County Attorney; but Messrs. J. W. Blake of Laramie, and C. M. White and J. H. Ryckman of Evanston, succeeded in obtaining an acquittal on the ground of self-defense, no living eye having witnessed the killing except the prisoner at the bar.

"It will be remembered that John Tonnar was arrested at Lapham, Idaho, and brought here last September charged with having murdered three companions with whom he was engaged in placer mining on Snake River, in Jackson's Hole, a few miles south of the Yellowstone National Park. The evidence showed that in the month of May, 1886, four Germans, Henry Welter, August Kellenberger, T. H. Tiggerman and the defendant, John Tonnar, were residing in Butte City, Montana, and that they entered into a sort of partnership to prospect the country for gold in the neighborhood of the Teton mounains, Uinta County, Wyoming.

"Tiggerman was the leader of the party, having prospected in that locality before. After buying the necessary outfit, they hired a teamster, leaving Butte City on the 12th day of May, 1886, and arriving at Lapham, Idaho, in about three weeks. Here they dispensed with the services of the teamster and made preparation to cross a range of the Teton mountains. They spent several days at the ranch of Emile Wolff, who was an old schoolmate of Welter's, and who assisted them in purchasing a couple of pack horses. He also accompanied them to the base of the mountains, when he returned to his ranch. This was in the latter part of May, and the party, after traveling several days over the mounatins, a distance of sixty miles, located a permanent camp on

Snake river, building a little shanty and engaging in sluice mining. As soon as they were settled Tonnar and Kellenberger went back for a part of their supplies, which they had left with Mr. Wolff. They informed him that they had found good prospects and returned immediately to the camp. Mr. Wolff heard no more of the party until the 19th day of July, or about six weeks, when Tonnar returned to the ranch, stating that Welter, Tiggerman and Kellenberger had gone out hunting, and as he was feeling lonesome he thought he would come over and visit him. Tonnar remained here three weeks, during which time Mr. Wolff noticed that his conduct was somewhat peculiar, but in no way did he reveal the terrible crime which had been committed.

"Frank Free, one of the principal witnesses of the prosecution, testified that he lives in Ione, California, and is a conductor on the Southern Pacific Railroad. That while in company with several other gentlemen hunting and fishing in the Teton mountains in August last, he discovered evidences of a camp having been suddenly deserted. He says: 'I was fishing in the river and noticed some lumber which led me to believe it was a mining camp. I looked around a little and it seemed the parties had left rather hastily. I went back to the river and followed down the stream for nearly a mile when I noticed a stench come up the stream. I followed down with the current to a high bluff where I noticed the stench was much stronger. I looked around and noticed where there was a little mound from ten to fifteen inches high made of stone boulders. On examining it a little closer I could see clothing between the rocks and a man's hand. I was satisfied that some one was buried there, but did not disturb the grave. I went back to camp and reported what I had seen.' A party of four went back that evening and made a further examination of the mounds, and were satisfied that a murder had been committed. The next morning they took a complete inventory of everything in the deserted camp, including papers belonging to Henry Welter and T. H. Tiggerman and a lot of clothing and tools. On opening the mound farthest up the stream they discovered a man about five feet eight inches tall with the top of his skull broken in. He had on a pair of blue overalls, dark brown hair and was in his bare feet. The same grave contained a large man over six feet high with brown whiskers. His head appeared to be smashed to pieces and was tied up in a grain sack. This man had on a pair of shoes and was afterward identified as Tiggerman. The other grave was about twenty feet further down the bank of the stream, near the water's edge. It contained a

man about five feet five. He had on old government shoes and a white shirt similar to the ones found in Welter's valise at the camp. There appeared to be a bruise on his head, but the bodies were too far decomposed to make any examination of the flesh. This was on the 9th day of August, and notices were posted up in several places with the intention of notifying the authorities as soon as possible. When they arrived at Lapham several days afterwards they told their story, and Tonnar, who was known to be one of the party of miners, was immediately arrested at Wolff's ranch. He had a preliminary examination before a justice of the peace, after which he was brought to Evanston.

"The testimony given by Tonnar before the jury yesterday and day before was substantially as follows: He swore that he was a native of Luxemberg and came to the United States in 1876. That he knew Henry Welter when he came to Butte in 1884, but made the acquaintance of Kellenberger and Tiggerman only a few days before they started out on a prospecting tour. In regard to the quarrel and subsequent killing he says: 'We were building a dam, and had a quarrel on the 15th of July about dumping the dirt high enough on the willows. I and Henry Welter carried dirt with a hand barrel. The other boys, Tiggerman and Kellenberger, were throwing rock with their hands on the willows. In some way the barrow tipped over, Tiggerman struck me, and held me under the water a long time. He told me that I couldn't be a partner any longer; that I was a lazy and a bossing cuss or dog, or something like that. When Welter and I started to load again he told me he didn't want me any more as a partner. He rushed up and took the shovel away from me, jerked it out of my hand and raised it up to strike me over the head. I warded it off with my hand, and got hold of his legs, and shoved him on his back so that he could not strike me. As he fell over I got my hand in his mouth, and the mark is there on my finger. He got his two arms around me and shook me for a long while choking me. I felt my face swelling, and my eyes getting all black, and I could see nothing. Something struck me on the head. I don't know what it was but think it was a rock. Then he let me up. I struggled away but I felt in my throat as if something was broke. I then went down home and changed my clothes which were all wet, and laid down in bed. I was feeling sick. It was between 3 and 5 o'clock when I got up to fix the fire for supper. I thought to make friends with them and do the same as before. We had supper all together but there was not a word said to me that night. Henry Welter cooked the breakfast the next

morning. Tiggerman went to a box outside the tent and took out some tools that belonged to me. Kellenberger went to water the horses. A little after breakfast we all got ready to go to work. Tiggerman told me that I was not to be a partner, Kellenbegrer and Welter were there. I asked them, "Boys, can I go along to work this morning?" I asked them to forget about the quarrel the day before. They told me they didn't want me any more in partnership, and Tiggerman didn't want me any more as a partner. Henry Welter was putting on his boots and I told him, if I couldn't work in partnership any more them boots belonged to me; that he could not have the boots any more. I got hold of them and told him I paid for those boots, they belong to me. He came up to me and tried to get hold of me and called me a s— of a b—. I backed up and says you can't have them. He got hold of my shoulder and tried to throw me down. I threw the boots away, got hold of him and we clinched. He tried to strike me on the head, but I guarded the blows off. Then Kellenberger kicked me in the rear, and he swore he would kill me if I touched anything in the camp, break my neck. We were clinched together about two minutes when I heard Tiggerman cry, "Kill the s— of a b—." He had just come up from the river. As soon as he hollered out "Kill the s— of a b—," he ran to a shovel lying there in camp and tried to come up to us. I jerked loose, rushed away and ran for the gun to hold him off. The gun was lying at the foot of the bed in the tent. When I got the gun he was up to me within five or six steps. I turned around quick to hold him off so that nobody could get hold of me. Tiggerman was up close to me with the shovel raised to strike me, when I raised the gun and shot him in the head. Kellenberger came towards me with an axe in his hand, and when he was seven or eight steps from me I fired and shot him in the neck. Henry Welter was a little ways behind and tried to get hold of me and knock me down. I shot at him to stop him and hit him in the breast. I fired four shots, one going off accidentally.

"I ran away as soon as the last shot was fired in the brush and stayed there about an hour and a half or two hours. I was thinking about killing myself, but came back and threw a gunny sack over Tiggerman's face. I didn't want to see the flies in his mouth, and I didn't like to look at him. I didn't like to bury them there, or let them be there, as somebody might find them out before I got to an officer. I took Kellenberger first and loaded him on the horse. When I got him on the horse I went upon a high bluff about a mile down the river and threw him over. I

thought that was the easiest place to put them and nobody would find the bodies until I got to an officer.' The defendant stated that he loaded the other bodies in the same way and threw them head foremost over a steep rocky precipice twenty-five or thirty feet high, when they rolled down to the river, a distance of nearly two hundred feet. This is the way he accounts for the injuries on the skulls of the two men, but it seems very strange that Doctor Hocker at the coroner's inquest discovered no other bones broken in their bodies. Tonnar then came down and covered the bodies up with boulders, burying two in the same grave. On returning to the camp he says he stowed away most of their things in the cabin, burned up some of his clothing, which was covered with blood stains, and built several fires to obliterate the stains of blood on the premises. After hiding the bodies, Tonnar says he felt better, having them out of his sight, and if somebody came he would tell them that they had gone out hunting. He said at this time he was not in his right senses, and if somebody had come he intended to make that excuse. He remained there until the next day, when he desired to go to Emil Wolff's ranch and tell him all about the affair. Mr. Wolff he found busy putting up hay, and when Wolff asked him about the boys he told him about the shooting and remained there three weeks, until he was arrested. After his arrest he told Wolff about the killing, substantially as narrated above, only that he confessed that he had hidden a purse containing \$8.50 and a watch belonging to Kellenberger in Mr. Wolff's cabin. He told Wolff that he could have the money, but to destroy the watch by hammering it to pieces. Mr. Wolff's statement about the money and destroying the watch was flatly contradicted by Tonnar.⁶ The prisoner also contradicted several other witnesses in minor matters, but in the main his testimony was remarkably clear. Where he lied about killing the partners he says it was to protect him from the wrath of the people in that country, and until he could get the protection of the officers of the law.

"Tonnar is a small, wiry man, about 40 years of age, a little over five feet in height, and weighing 135 or 140 pounds. He has a rather abnormally developed forehead, with small, dark, restless eyes, a corrugated brow and small features. In general appearance he would make a picture of an ideal anarchist.

6. Wolff mentioned finding this watch, when we interviewed him, but made no reference to its being destroyed.

"The coroner's jury sent from Evanston to examine into the killing of the three men, in the Teton country, by Tonnar, returned a report prejudicial to the prisoner.

"This case will also be continued in Cheyenne Democratic Leader, September 23, 1886."

IV

Court Records of Tonnar's Trial at Evanston.

After an investigation of the Uinta County court records at Evanston for the years 1886 and 1887 with reference to the John Tonnar case, Judge John R. Arnold, Mr. Clarence Cook (Court Reporter), and Mr. James Brown (Clerk of the District Court) submitted the following report of their findings:

Territory of Wyoming,	ss.	In the District Court
County of Uinta		Third Judicial District
Territory of Wyoming vs. John Tonnar Defendant.		No. 256 Memorandum

At a term of the District Court begun and held at Evanston, within the County of Uinta, on the 6th day of September, 1886, the Jurors of the Grand Jury of the County of Uinta, "good and lawful men, then and there returned, tried, empaneled and sworn and charged according to law" to inquire into and for the body of the County of Uinta, at the term aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, in the name and by the authority of the Territory of Wyoming, did present and find that: "John Tonnar, late of the county aforesaid, on the 16th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, with malice, force and arms, at the county and territory aforesaid, did feloniously, wilfully, deliberately and of his malice aforesought, premeditatedly kill and murder one August Kellenberger, Henry Welter and T. H. Tiggerman, whose real and full given name is to these jurors unknown; then and there being found contrary to the form, force and effect of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Territory of Wyoming."

The above indictment is signed by H. B. Head, County and Prosecuting Attorney and filed in said court September 15, 1886, by Jesse Knight, Clerk. Indorsed on said in-

dictment is the following: "Defendant pleads not guilty." "Witnesses examined: Frank Free, William Mobery, D. C. Radcliff."

Attorneys C. M. White and J. W. Blake appeared for the defendant, Samuel T. Corn being Presiding Judge.

September 15, 1886, a bench warrant was issued addressed to any Sheriff in the Territory of Wyoming, reciting that an indictment had been found on the 15th day of September, 1886, charging John Tonnar with the crime of murder and commanding the arrest of said defendant and the bringing him before said court to answer the indictment. The return made by the Sheriff, J. J. LeCain, Sheriff of said County, by J. H. Newell, Deputy Sheriff, recites that the said defendant was under arrest and in custody within the jail of said county subject to the order of said court.

March 14, 1887, the defendant filed an affidavit for witnesses, averring that Charley Stoffer and Colonel Taunton were material witnesses for said defendant and that said witnesses reside at or near the city of Butte, in the Territory of Montana, and that said affiant is without means to procure the attendance of said witnesses, whereupon the said Judge issued an order that a writ of subpoena issue for said witnesses.

March 17, 1887, subpoena was issued for H. Heider to appear as witness on April 11, 1887. The return was made by W. W. Turney as Deputy Sheriff, Territory of Montana, County of Deer Lodge, reciting that he had served a copy of the said subpoena upon the said Henry Heider, March 28, 1887.

April 12, 1887, subpoena was issued for Dr. W. A. Hocker, Frank Free, Emil Wolf, A. H. Bisbing, and Charles Stoffel to appear as witnesses. Same date subpoena issued to Judge C. E. Castle to appear forthwith as a witness. At this time J. H. Ward was Sheriff of Uinta County.

April 13, 1887, subpoena issued for Bill Davis to appear forthwith as a witness.

April 15, 1887, the jury found as follows: "We the jury find the defendant not guilty. Signed Ernest C. White, Foreman."

Among the papers is also found a commission to take depositions addressed to James W. Forbis under date of March 26, 1887, to take the depositions of John T. C. Taunton, Dr. J. C. B. Whitford, Charles Beekner and other witnesses in such cause on interrogatories thereto attached;

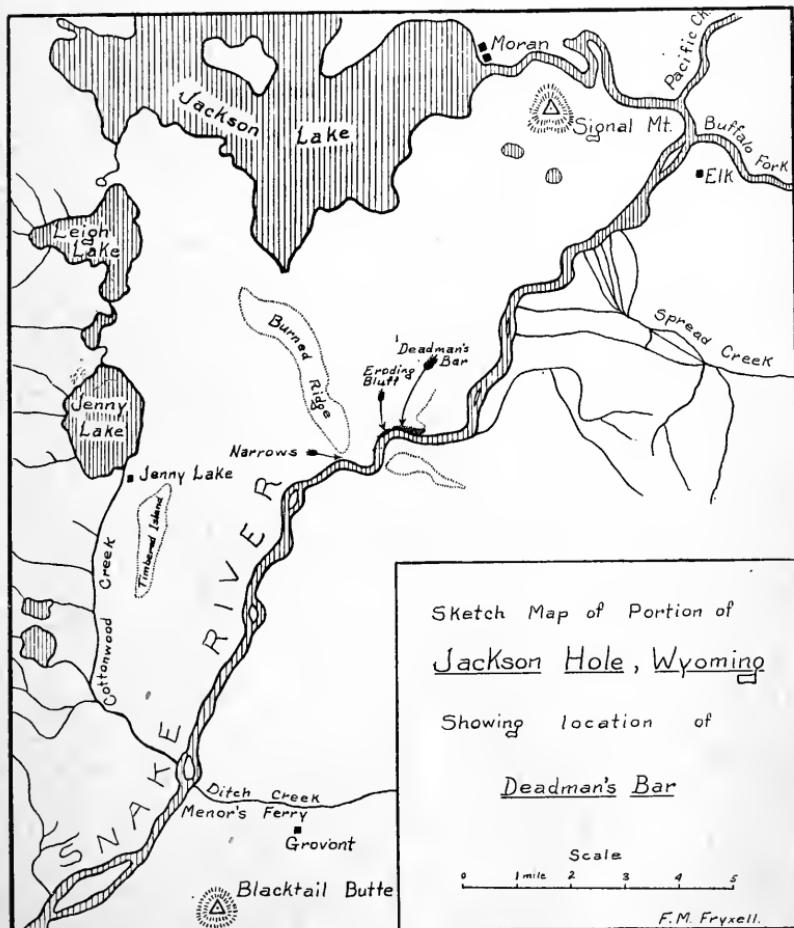
that said witnesses reside in Silver Bow County, Montana Territory, and they cannot attend at the trial of said cause and are material. The interrogatories all relate to the defendant's reputation for peace and quiet. The return shows that O'Dillon B. Whitford testified that he was 52 years of age, residing in Butte City, Silver Bow County, Montana Territory, and engaged in practicing medicine and surgery, and also interested in mines; that he was very well acquainted with John Tonnar; that he first became acquainted with John Tonnar in the spring of 1885 while he was employed as engineer-machinist at one of the smelters, and further that "at that time I was repairing the Clipper Quartz Mill, with a view to operating the same myself. John Tonnar was so highly recommended to me by many that I employed him. He worked for me during the spring and summer of 1885 and about three months as manager of the engineering department of the Slipper Mill; he always bore the very best reputation for peace and quiet here while I knew him." John C. C. Thornton, age 52, of Butte City, also testified that "the defendant's reputation in that community while I knew him was simply unimpeachable both for peace and quiet and every other quality which goes to make up a good citizen."

The trial was held for three days, April 12-13-14, 1886. The jurors were as follows: Ernest C. White, Foreman; O. D. Marx, J. B. Moore, Joseph Krousee, James Clark, Stephen Harmon, Alma Peterson, Windom Thomas, George Guild, Joseph Guild, John W. Caldwell, and James Foote.

A verdict of "not guilty" being found by the jury, the testimony taken at the trial was not transcribed by the court reporter. The foregoing is about all that can be found in the files.

From parties who heard the trial it appears that there were no eye witnesses to the tragedy, save the defendant. Therefore the prosecution was compelled to rely solely on circumstantial evidence. The theory of the attorneys for defendant was that the three deceased persons were prospectors, without funds, and that they represented to the defendant that they had discovered a valuable mining claim and induced him to put up considerable money to grub-stake and furnish necessary funds to work the claim; that soon after these men were on their way to the Jackson Hole country they began to pick quarrels with the defendant; that on the day of the shooting one of the prospectors remained in camp with the defendant, and the other two went away to do some prospecting; that the one who remained in camp

picked a quarrel with the defendant and the defendant was compelled to kill him in self-defense; that towards evening the other two were returning to the camp and while they were coming up an incline some distance apart the defendant shot them in self-defense. It was recalled that after the verdict was rendered the defendant got out of town in a hurry, taking the first freight train; that Attorney Blake was the principal trial attorney for the defendant, and that he afterwards stated he never got a cent for saving the neck of the defendant, who had promised to send him some money as soon as he could earn it, and that he had never heard from him.



V

Deadman's Bar

There has been some uncertainty as to the exact location of the historic spot which is the subject of this investigation, the name "Deadman's Bar" having been loosely assigned to various places on both sides of the river between the mouth of Buffalo Fork and Menor's Ferry. Following our interview with Emile Wolff on August 9 and with his descriptions fresh in mind, Colonel Ericsson and the writer explored the portion of the Snake River banks believed to be the correct one. All doubts were immediately set at rest for we at once found traces of the diggings, camp, and road constructed 42 years ago by the luckless company of miners.

Below the mouth of Buffalo Fork, the Snake River flows in a general southwesterly direction for seven miles, then turns due west for a mile and one-half, after which it flows south for a mile before resuming its general southwesterly direction. Deadman's Bar, strictly speaking, lies on the northern banks of the east-west portion of the river, along the western third of this one and one-half mile stretch.⁷ The so-called "bar" consists of a narrow flat (really a series of low river terraces) that lies between the river on the south and the steep front of the gravel plain on the north. Its width nowhere exceeds a quarter of a mile, and its length is about half a mile. The western end of the bar has been cut off where the Snake, as it turns south, eats into the gravel plain; and here a conspicuous bluff, the "eroding bluff" repeatedly referred to in this account, rises sheer from the brink of the river to a height of over 125 feet. The bluff receives head-on the full current of the Snake and before this attack crumbles away steadily, retreating noticeably year by year.

The sluice ditch of the miners is not hard to find, though now overgrown with brush and partly filled with gravel. Originally it tapped a beaver dam located a short distance above the bar, and from this source it conveyed water downstream, hugging the bluff as it rounded the bend, traversing the full length of the bar and discharging into the Snake where the eroding bluff begins. Thus its total length was over half a mile. At present it is dry. Where well preserved it is seen to be four or five feet wide and two or three feet deep. The gravel removed in its ex-

7. On the map of the Teton National Forest and on the Grand Teton Quadrangle of the U. S. Geological Survey, Deadman's Bar is seen to lie on the north side of the Snake, in the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 23, T. 44 N., R. 115 W.

cavation is heaped along side in ridges, so serving to increase the depth of the sluice. In several places trees which obstructed the course of the ditch had been sawed off, the stumps still standing.

Additional workings are to be found above the beaver dam in the shape of ditches, a dam, and gravel ridges, all imperfectly preserved but clearly enough the work of human hands. They once directed a continuous stream of water from a side-channel of the Snake into the beaver dam, thus insuring a constant flow of water into the sluice.

Prospect pits are numerous on the bar, but at least some of these appear to be more recent affairs than the sluice ditch, and are believed to have been dug by some of the prospectors who, we know, worked up and down the Snake in later years.

All the working now observable speak graphically of the expenditure of much hard labor from which returns were never forthcoming.

The camp of the miners, according to Wolff, had been located in an open clump of pines and cottonwoods at the western end of Deadman's Bar, that is, near the lower end of the sluice ditch. We found this portion of the bar to be covered with a rather close stand of trees, mostly half-grown ones but including a few belonging to an older generation. The trunks of some of these larger trees were scarred by axe cuts and initials, now mostly illegible, and it seems likely that the camp must have been pitched here. An opportunity was later afforded us to compare these axe wounds with some which William Crawford had made in 1886 in trees outside his cabin, two miles east of Moran, and the extent of healing over was found to be about the same, indicating that the old cuts found on the trees of Deadman's Bar were in all likelihood made by "the Germans" and not by campers of a later period.

Wolff had stated that years ago he found Welter's name carved on one of the trees in this group, and in our examination of the many faded records on the trees, we came upon one work, presumably a name, which began with an indistinct letter most closely resembling an "H" but which may have been a "W", followed by "E" and "L" and other letters not legible. This may have been Welter's name.

The old wagon road, still clearly defined, runs eastward from the camp site and can be followed up stream for perhaps a quarter of a mile, where it turns up the bluff and, by means of terraces and low places on the "rim", makes its way up to the level of the bench. The road is

well planned, and if a new one were to be built down to the bar it could hardly improve upon this old route.

One cannot but admire the excellent judgment which the miners showed in their selection of a camp site. No more attractive or protected spot for the purpose is known to the writer along the Snake River anywhere in Jackson Hole. The view of the Teton peaks from Deadman's Bar is superb, nothing short of spectacular. Hunting and fishing are still excellent here and must have been better then; water and shade are present on the bar in abundance, though absent on the gravel plain above it; and the great bluffs which encircle the bar shelter it from the strong blasts that come out of the west and north.

The tranquility and beauty which one now finds on Deadman's Bar are difficult to associate with an event so grim in its past.

F. M. FRYXELL.

Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, November 21, 1928.



Col. H. C. Ericsson (left) and William Crawford (right) at Deadman's Bar.

REMINISCENCES

Edward Ordway

Near the close of a bright spring day of the year 1866 I jumped down from the stage amidst a hustling throng gathered about the Wells Fargo office in Denver, Colorado, the first town out from the Missouri River, six hundred miles away. At that day Denver could hardly be called a metropolis reckoned on a basis of a numerous population; but it was cosmopolitan in the broadest sense of the word. A jolly, surging crowd of very human beings welcomed the incomers with a heartiness that could not be mistaken, whether coming from the prospector rich in expectation, or the possessor of the last big strike. All were imbued with the same brand of friendliness from the Governor of the Territory down to the little boot-black who had crossed the plains with a freight outfit and whose highest ambition was to be able to swing a long whip and make it pop with the easy grace of his patron saint, the big Missouri bull-whacker, who with the stage driver, were the heroes that all looked up to.

At that time a large amount of travel came through from Nebraska City, though most of the staging was done over the Smoky Hill Route. Many work cattle used in freighting were wintered in the nearby sheltered valleys along the foot of the mountains, and were in good working order for moving the westbound freight, held by the forwarding houses for early shipment to points in Utah and Nevada.

Before the railroad came one could look backward over the plains and across the wide valleys and see a long line of approaching trains, the far end hidden in a cloud of dust, and at times where the wheeling was hard, the crack of bull whips, to the uninitiated, sounding like a battle.

I had made the acquaintance of a young man named Riley. I do not now remember his given name, and perhaps I never knew, as in those long ago and somewhat forgotten days one name was considered enough for any man who was propelled along the busy walks of life unaided by the shouters and kneelers that assist the great; and no matter what name a man answered to, no one asked if it was his right name, or by what name he went back in the States. All such ungentlemanly curiosity was thought to be uncalled for.

One morning I met Riley in Groves' Gunshop. We met there for the same purpose—gun cleaning. He had a Henry

and I a Spencer carbine. As there were some other men there, who were engaged in trying to make themselves believe the stories they were telling, conversation turned to a discussion of the merits and defects of firearms in general. The majority were of the opinion that they would not lay down a muzzle-loader for any machine gun. One man insisted that given a hundred and fifty yards start he could outrun all the sixteen shots in a Henry. Another fellow would not take the gift of a Spencer carbine for the good reason that the luckiest man on the earth was never known to hit anything he shot at. Others offering their testimony along the same line, caused us to adjourn to a corral outside of town that was built of pine lumber with plenty of knots in the boards. I offered to bet a ten dollar hat that I could knock out seven knots that I would mark at thirty yards off hand, and do the trick in less than twenty seconds with the seven shots in my gun. One skeptic in the crowd gleefully accepted the bet and sorrowfully paid it.

Riley asked me if I could do that every time, and I told him that with a fair amount of luck I could. Then he told me that he was part owner of a bull train and boss of the same, and that it was on the way to the northern forts, and he was to meet it at Fort Laramie, and if I was game enough to take the chances he would take me on as an extra, naming a remuneration that struck me as so very liberal that I did not hesitate to accept it, although he explained that on account of the Government not keeping its agreement with the Indians to remove Forts Reno, Phil Kearney, and C. F. Smith, there was liable to be plenty of trouble.

Three days later we took the stage for La Porte, Colorado, where he had left some saddle horses the fall before to be cared for by Ben Clagmore. Finding the horses in fine shape for travel, the next morning found us on the old Fort Bent and Fort Laramie trail, arriving at the last named place the evening of the third day. There was a mule outfit of twelve teams camped near by and some horse teams belonging to parties going to Montana that had come across from Omaha under escort of two companies of Infantry, but the Post Commander would not allow them to proceed until reinforced by some outfit that would promise a fair prospect of safety.

Riley's train had not arrived and no trustworthy news from it since it left Fort Kearney, Nebraska, but as there were two trains traveling together making a company of over sixty men, there was not much to worry about.

The Indians never started out on an expedition in force enough to attack an outfit of that size until their ponies had begun to recover from the effects of the winter and had exchanged their long haired coats for the sleek shiny skins that come with the warm luxuriant days of early June. It is then that their cavorting steeds, with heads and tails in air, are in harmony with the high and warlike pose of their gaily dressed and painted riders. Then, when conditions are right and they know of some desirable plunder that requires a large force to capture, they send out a small party of scouts—the war party following later in small bands by different trails, all planned to meet at a rendezvous somewhere near the object of attack. By that method they pass through a sparsely inhabited country generally unnoticed, never disturbing any small object that they can avoid, always preparing to spring upon their prey with all the silent stealth of a cat after a bird.

There was an aphorism often used, "You are never safe from Indians except when they are in sight."

We waited two days to give our horses a rest and then started down the river and had the good luck to meet the train opposite what was then called Mitchel Bottom, where three or four years later Red Cloud's Agency was established.

Everything about the train was in as good order as could be expected. They had only met with the usual delays and difficulties that heavily loaded teams always encounter, and three days later camp was made near Fort Laraway where there was a ten days delay as there were yoke chains and parts of wagons to be repaired. Four wagons were loaded with government goods for the Fort that had to be unloaded and all the loads on the other wagons lightened and the surplus transferred to the empties.

After everything had been put in good order we rolled out, crossed the river and proceeded on our way rejoicing, made doubly happy by the genial sun above our heads and the kindly breeze that met our every breath. Young, strong, glowing with health, was it a wonder that we were careless of what fate might be before us? The present was our day, let tomorrow take care of itself.

The mule train and horse teams were ordered to accompany us, which did not please us, as the reinforcement of twenty men was an asset that would not balance the liability of the mules and horses.

Cattle, the Indians had no use for, but anything in the horse line they were bound to have if they could get it; but we had to make the best of it as the Commander of a

frontier post was monarch of all he surveyed as well as of things invisible.

The Indian always coveted horses and would take as many chances to obtain them as would the prospector in quest of free gold on the bed rock.

The white man has no corner on greed—the savage has his share of it and it takes horses and then more horses to satisfy it.

All went along smoothly until we were within a day's drive of where the road leaves the vicinity of the river and turns northward.

The morning of that day, when daylight was beginning to show objects at a short distance fairly well, the stock was all in a corral except a fine blooded race horse belonging to one of the owners of the horse outfit. He had staked it out about a hundred and fifty yards away from the corral, had slept by it all night, but had it the length of the stake rope on the fresh grass, thinking it would be safe there while everyone was moving around on the alert. Advised that he had better bring it in close by, he replied that he would take a chance. The grass nearby is always somewhat trampled by the work stock, in this case numbering over eight hundred head, so that any animal not out with the night herd, if the camp happens to be where the grass is not very good, sometimes has a poor chance outside for rough feed. Especially is this true if it is considered too valuable to be driven in what the bull-whackers call their cabellero which included extra cattle as well as horses.

The men were all busy hitching up, when like a streak of light a young brave dashed out from nowhere and cut the racer's rope and was gone with it and doubled the distance before anyone could comprehend the trick. Several shots were fired at him but they all missed.

I had been out helping the night herders bring in the stock and we were busily eating breakfast when it happened, but before we could get around the end of the corral he had disappeared behind a little hill. The owner of the horse went wild over his loss and called for men to follow and try to recover it, but Riley said "No."

The man, however, insisted until a Pawnee scout, who was with us said to him, "All you find over the hill is a trap. You never come back."

It seems to be a law of nature that there shall be at least one croaker in every gathering of human beings and right here he bobbed up and consoled the man with the assertion that he was out of luck anyhow because if the Indian had not taken the horse, he would have lost him in

the races; and that it would bring us all bad luck from then on.

Afterward we scouted the hills and creek but no signs of Indians did we see, not even the wave of a feather or glitter of a mirror on distant hills. But that was not considered a favorable sign, for as the old timers put it all in one terse sentence, "You are never safe from Indians until you can see them."

After crossing the divide between Cheyenne and Powder Rivers, one morning pony tracks were seen near a small creek some distance above where the road crossed. The sign proved that a small party of Indians had been there the day before.

The road was then near the hills and it was several hours travel before the train reached an open plain where camp could be made where extra good grazing near by was found. An expected attack usually came just before daylight. That time passed, it was usually considered safe for a train to roll out, for if anything of the kind had been planned the enemies' plans had miscarried and no trouble need be looked for that day.

However, as all know, no one really knows what the other fellow is going to do next, and especially so if he happens to be out of sight. It is not a good plan to trust altogether to luck, and Riley was too old a hand in the game to take a needless chance. One of his wagons had for a part of its load, arms and ammunition, and among the lot were some cases of Henry rifles.

I do not suppose at this late day that there are now living many who remember anything about that long ago discarded firearm, nor that it was the legitimate parent of all the magazine guns in use now. It was short ranged and could do but little damage beyond two hundred yards, but it was as near mechanically perfect as any machine gun could be made, and in the hands of men of that day sixteen shots could be fired with astonishing rapidity.

Riley broke open some boxes and dealt out two rifles and ammunition to each man in the outfit. Every one realized that the horses and mules were an irresistible temptation to our enemies. Therefore, it was as one old bull-whacker expressed it, "Them Indians hain't been keepin' cases on us for the fun they are gittin' out of it, and they hain't agoin' to give it up, til they hev had a smell of our powder, and by the looks of these patent guns they are likely to git aplenty of it."

There was a moon that night until about one o'clock, which required half of the men on guard with the stock

until it went down, then the danger was over until daylight began to show in the east; but at that time all of the stock was in the corral, and every man at his post ready for whatever might happen.

The sun came up and everything seemed as peaceful as a Sunday morning back in God's country, when three companions and myself got in from off picket duty.

By the time the sun was fairly up the train was rolling along, the whips popping like firecrackers on a Chinese New Year.

Of the scouts sent out that morning, the Pawnee made one on the payroll, but in what he knew about the tricks of the ancient enemies of his tribe amounted to a good many, and the long remembered wrongs that he harbored in his bosom amounted to very much more.

Many years before the Sioux Indians corralled a party of his tribe on one of what has since been known as the Pawnee Buttes. They stand not far south of the corner monument that marks the place where the east and west line of Wyoming and Nebraska join on the north line of Colorado. The butte they climbed is about five hundred feet high. The north side, though not an easy task, can be climbed by any active person, but others less gifted must be assisted, which made a safe place for defense except from their worst enemies—hunger and thirst, which they stood off for three days, then they cut up their clothing and made a frail rope and went down the opposite side, which was perpendicular and not guarded, and escaped, taking with them all of the ponies belonging to the Sioux. A white man would not forget an experience of that sort.

About ten o'clock they discovered a war party of seventy-five or eighty quietly waiting in a small valley and the Pawnees' telescopic eyes soon made out another party coming to join the others.

The Pawnees knew that they were planning to make a surprise attack and they lost no time in getting back to the train. A few words from them to Riley and the order was given, "Corral!"

The bull teams swung around into place with the mules and horse teams in the center. The wagons chained together, wheels locked and everything made fast, with but a short space of time to spare until the Indians came in sight and but few seconds elapsed until the men were under the wagons, each with his rifle at rest through a wheel.

They did not come on in a bunch, but scattered out over a wide space. When they saw that everything was arranged for their reception they all rounded up and appeared

to be holding a council of war. They had evidently planned to make the attack while the train was strung out on the road, and perhaps, but for the daring of our scouts, it might have happened that way. As the case then stood they had to change their tactics, which they did in short order and began the offense in the old way by circling around, making feints at charging, and all the tricks wherein they were devilishly proficient, for the purpose of drawing our fire at a long range, and then charging in on empty guns.

That they got no reply from the old muzzle-loaders and not knowing the rod we had in pickle for them was positively a puzzle they could not solve, but kept drawing a little nearer until perhaps their patience became exhausted and no resistance against their maneuvers, they made a simultaneous dash on all sides and coming within the limits of the rifle range the Henrys began to play a tattoo the like of which they had never heard before. The Pawnee had thrown the sheet back and was standing on top of a wagon that was loaded to the top of the bows with light goods, making all manner of insulting gestures to let them know that there was a Pawnee on the job.

I think that the pleasure he got out of the reception his hated enemies received, though the attack lasted but a short time, reckoned by moments of enjoyment, would have equaled a lifetime of ordinary existence.

To say that the Indians were astonished at the storm of lead that met them would be but a weak expression. A gatling gun would not have surprised them more. It was but a very few minutes after we began to fire until they were gathering up their dead and wounded and nothing short of total annihilation would have stopped them from doing that—and they were scurrying away toward the shelter of the hills, wiser if not happier Indians.

The magic of the white man's guns was a long way past their understanding. They let us alone while in their territory. In less than an hour after the last shot was fired the train was rolling along as merrily as though nothing had happened.

All that season and the year following there was fighting until a new treaty was made and the forts were removed.

I went on with the train to its destination, remaining in Montana and Utah till the fall of '67, and about the middle of November got back east as far as Cheyenne. At that time Dakota and Wyoming had not been organized, and I do not remember of hearing anyone speaking of a new territory that was to be made until the following winter.

Cheyenne was the end of the railroad and was a busy town. The survey of the railroad had been completed and there were many points where the locations were known. Two places in particular, one seven or eight miles east of old Fort Halleck that stood at the base of Elk Mountain, and the other about thirty miles north where a bridge over the North Platte would be built. A young man, Frank McCurdy, who came down from the west with me—we had crossed the Plains in '65 with Col. Sawyer's expedition sent out by the Government to locate a shorter route from Fort Yankton to Bozeman—and another young lad from Missouri whom for short we called Quantrell, after much summing up of probabilities, we concluded that Halleck was the place to go to for a good chance to make a stake. We had camped there over night on our way down from Utah. That winter ended with a storm that filled the town with snow up to near the second story windows. The snow remaining on the ground several days caused us to wait for it to go off and the ground to dry up.

But we got our baggage on the first team that left for Denver and worked our passage by walking behind it to Whitcomb ranch on the Box Elder. Finding our horses that we had left there for the winter in good condition, we were saddled and packed the next day after arrival.

But as our horses were soft, we only got to Virginia Dale the first day, and the next camped on the Little Laramie. At Rock Creek we found a lot of men, most of whom had been camping there all winter. Some were prospectors, but the larger part were timber men, all of whom were waiting for the snow to go off from the lower slopes and flats where the timber was easy to get at.

The next day we were at our journey's end. The old deserted fort was in a very dilapidated condition. The warehouses and soldiers' quarters had been built, not in the usual way, but with the logs set endwise in a trench with a very heavy pole and dirt roof, and many of the logs were balsams and had rotted near the ground and by the added weight of snow to their over burden of roof, had fallen down, but we chose one that appeared to have been built for a warehouse and seemed to be all right and made our camp in the front end of it. There was yet much snow on the mountain, and the fort being located near it, though the days were warm, the nights were cold. Some shelter at night was needed.

The old Sutler store standing three or four hundred feet away on the east side of the road was occupied by Messrs. Foot & Wilson, the same parties that had catered to the needs of the garrison before the troops were re-

moved to Fort Sanders that was located near the southern end of the Laramie Plain.

At that time travel on the Overland through the season was very heavy, making it necessary for the old store to carry a large stock of goods consisting of everything that could be found in a dozen town stores. Robert Foot was a Scotchman endowed with all the aptitude for conducting successful business that one would expect of a representative of the people he sprung from, and was also a good fellow and as bonnie a fighter as ever came out from that land of heroic people. George Wilson was born in Old Kentucky, a son of an army officer and a gentleman under all circumstances. A part of the business that he did not like was selling whisky. One cold winter day a trapper came in with a big catch of furs, and in accordance with the customs, a bottle and glass was set out on the counter for him to warm up on. But when the man poured the golden fluid into the glass there was a faint clinking sound that did not escape the keen ears of the hunter, and he exclaimed: "Hey George, this yer whusk is half ice! What for you put water in it? Old Man Bush down at Rock Creek gets it out to a feller good and strong." George replied: "I know he does Jim, but it is cheap stuff that he makes himself, and you know if a man gets full of it he goes right out and kills a tame Indian which makes the other Indians mad and we all have to suffer from the effects of Bush's bad liquor. We sell the best goods that we can get right pure from a Kentucky still with some good water added, complying with a promise I made my father when he staked me to go into this business, that I would sell whisky of a quality that would not injure any man."

The foregoing paragraph is to explain how it came to pass in what I am about to relate, that there were so many casualties and no capital crimes committed.

Some time in April Carmichael's railroad grading outfit moving west to work on a contract in Echo Canon, Utah, his force numbering over 50 men who were natives of all the civilized nations of the earth. Rock men, pick and shovellers and all other necessary helpers in railroad grade making, at that time as a class known as Navvies. With sixty trains loaded with tools, supplies, etc.

The teamsters were of a different class, mostly of the muleskinner variety. All stout, healthy men, and as for their social standing or moral turpitude, all that is necessary to say is that nature had created them for a special purpose that people more delicately organized were unfit for. The whole crowd, generally speaking, not having had an

opportunity to spend their winter's wages, was bound to be a bonanza for the old Sutler Store, equipped as it was with all manner of goods needed. There was something doing from start to finish. But it could not fairly be said that pandemonium reigned, for the propelling power was not the old road ranch stuff of home made evil spirits, but the very best of high power goods, which started things going all the same as a falling body gathering momentum on its downward course. Among those who were inclined to be sports of the squared circle, disputations about who was the best man were many but short. But clog dancing, jumping and pitching horse shoes were among the amusements of the greater part of those who were more peaceably disposed.

But in the first watches of the night, with the quieting rays of the bright big moon, a change came over the conducting power that ruled the performance. Then from all parts of the wide spread camp the low notes of harps—jewsharps—and harmonicas came floating across on the cool night air. But later on, when the more vigorous actors came straggling in hunting for their beds, a service of song began, including many of the popular ones of that day, all rendered regardless of harmony and most of it might be charged in contempt of tune. But every one seemed to be doing his best according to his lights—perhaps lungs would be the proper word—and if those in the audience preferred something better than such gems as "Brinon on the Moor", "Whoops Along, Luiza Jane" or "Pat Maloy" and many others of the same brand, they must wait till their turn came. One fellow who had camped down near our quarters awakened and joined in with "How Are You Horace Greeley, Does Your Mother Know You Are Out" but switched off on "O Islands there are on the face of the deep, where the leaves never fade, nor the skies never weep," but was drowned out by a passing gang bawling "I'm a rambling rake of poverty, the son of a gambolier."

After a surfeit of the horrible there must be a change to something pleasant or mankind would go mad. And suddenly the reverse happened. Inspired, perhaps, by the myriads of shimmering stars in the great dome above, as if by magic sweeping backward the shadow on Time's old dial to a long ago day, a quartet of grand voices broke forth rendering in perfect harmony Hayden's magnificent song, "The Heavens Are Telling." After the last enchanting notes ended silence prevailed, and I in my heart repeated the prayer of Cervantes' simple hero, "God bless the man who invented sleep."

Next morning while Old Sol was kindly warming up the earth, the revelers were getting busy renewing and trying to improve the exercises of the day before, the east bound stage came galloping in and as there was a post office in the store, a stop had to be made there long enough to throw off and take on the mail, then going on with as little delay as possible. A stage team, although wild it may be, soon becomes accustomed to swinging up to the stopping places and coming to a halt when it feels the brake go on. But that morning just as the usual thing was about to happen a mob of navvies all lit up like a burning gas well rushed out of the door in front of the team. That unexpected interference caused it to jackknife to the right and had not Mac, Quantrel and I on our way to the store, been right there at that time, the coach would have been overturned, but we caught the leaders and near swing horses just in time to prevent it. The horses being fat and rollicky pitched and struggled, making it some job to quiet them down, but we all being about the same quality as the bronchos soon had everything straightened out on the road, the driver letting go his brake, the team went off on the jump, the passengers on the outside waved a parting salute, and a bright, fine looking girl on the seat with the driver threw us a kiss which would have been ample reward for the small service rendered had it not been ever after a breeder of contention as to which one she had intended to hit.

About nine o'clock Hook & Moor's mule train rolled past consisting of thirty six-mule teams loaded with government supplies for Fort Douglas, Utah, and under an escort of a troop of cavalry.

The driver of the lead team was an athletic young Irish lad, Fitzgerald by name, who served as a Denver policeman winters, and as a skilled muleskinner summers. He was recognized by a party of four navvies that had, or thought they had, a righteous grudge against him and being well ribbed up with spirits distilled in an atmosphere of ructions and feuds they might perhaps be pardoned for imagining themselves in the condition that was described by Robert Burns as "Wi' two penny ale we fear no evil. Wi' Usquebaa we wad fight the devil." And being as they probably were, more or less human beings, they went boldly forth to make an attempt to get even with him. Fitz, not waiting for them to attack, jumped off his saddle mule and with four good punches put them all to sleep in about that many seconds, the train passing on to its noon camping place. After an hour had passed the men had revived and reinforced their courage with a few more drinks. Each with a

big rock in his hand started out to hunt him up, not up to his camp, the only place where he could possibly be, but around the old fort building, and finally got around to a cabin where the stage company's hunter, Old Man Lea, lived. He, at the time was out on a hunt, but his wife was very much at home, who was a pleasant enough woman when not on the war path, but otherwise a she-devil that had been chased back to earth from across the River Styx. And the third time the fellows called to Fitz to come out and fight they heard a blood curdling yell as the door opened and like a hideous Jack from his box, the old girl jumped out, an Indian head dress on her head, a quiver full of arrows on her back, a bow in her hand from which she sent an arrow through one's coat, then driving another into the ground that just missed another fellow's foot, yelled: "Git, you _____. " Her furious assaults and most awful uncomplimentary remarks against her antagonists were pardoned by all who knew her because unto the sick and wounded she was an angel of mercy. They did not wait for more, but got in the best order their fright permitted, and after absorbing enough booze to drown their animosities retired to peaceful oblivion.

About this time the gang bosses, assisted by the men that remained sober were doing their best to get the outfit started on the road, but without success, till the captain brought the soldiers back from the Hook & Moore Camp, and by a liberal use of sabers succeeded in rounding up those that were able to walk. But the road was very wide, causing great annoyance to those whose heads were uncomfortably light, or heavy, as the case might be, while others struggled along with arms linked or leaning affectionately on each other, working models of the old motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

They managed to keep moving and when the tail end of the column disappeared beyond the first turn of the road we thought the curtain had gone down at the end of the performance. But we soon discovered that there was a side show left. Five of the crowd had retired to the stable and had not been missed in the roundup till a count had been made at the next camp. A smoke began to exude from the stable that smelled not like the dried navy or Arkansas long green, but like stable litter and pine wood. The men had crawled out at the back door not badly scorched, but there was no alarm till the discovery was made by some one at the store.

(Continued in October Number)

NOTICE**Mrs. Cyrus Beard**

In January, 1928, the publication of Annals of Wyoming was discontinued because the appropriation made by the previous Legislature was so meager that the work of the Historical Department suffered from lack of funds. There is an insistent demand for Annals from Educators, Institutions of Learning, Historical Societies, Research workers and lovers of history as well as from our own State. This has influenced us to make another attempt to give out our own absorbing history as contributed out of the fullness of personal experiences.

In the Fifth Biennial Report the Accessions were carried down to November 20, 1928. A copy of this Report was mailed to every person who receives Annals. To avoid repetitions the Accessions in this number begin with November 20, 1928, and are carried to June 1, 1929.

With this issue Volume 5 of Annals is completed. Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2, will be issued as a double number in October, 1929, and thereafter—as long as funds are available—Annals will appear as a Quarterly.

No responsibility will be assumed by the State Historical Board, the Advisory Board or the State Historian for any statements made or opinions expressed in Annals—assuming that an individual has a right to tell his own story in his own way.

**ACCESSIONS FROM NOVEMBER 20, 1928,
TO JUNE 1, 1929**

Warren, Mrs. Francis E.—Oak and plate glass cabinet, suitable for a display case.

Carroll, Major C. G.—Synonyms of Organizations in the Volunteer Service of the United States, 1860-1865. Published in 1885 Volumes 16 to 19 of the Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers, Sailors and Marines.

Smith, Mr.—Saddle buckle and four shells and bullets from site of old Benton on the Union Pacific Line. Picture of the Oregon Trail marked at Independence Rock and picture of powder house at Fort Steele.

Voorhees, George—Gold mounted driving whip awarded to Mr. Voorhees, First Premium, Single Pony, at the first State Fair held in Cheyenne in 1885.

McLean, H. E.—Paper money for the amount of \$10.00 on the Bank of Wilmington, North Carolina. Date of issue and signature are worn off.

Patee, Fred—The first asbestos shingle made in Wyoming and believed to be first one made in the world without Portland cement. It is made of rock and asbestos fibre combined, a new process, and is more than 90% pure. Asbestos is mined on Casper Mountain, Natrona County, Wyoming.

Finfrock, W. E.—Silver mounted cane inscribed with the words "Shiloh, Apr. 6th and 7th, 1862. Captain Finfrock, 64th, O. V. I." Captain J. A. Finfrock came to Wyoming in 1864 and was one of the first trustees of the University of Wyoming and one of the first surgeons of the Union Pacific Railroad. Cane given by son.

McCarthy, Frank C.—Collection of Photographs: Four of Pine Grove Stage Station on the Overland Trail in Carbon County; three of scenes on the Oregon Trail in Fremont County; four of Sulphur Stage Station on the Overland Trail in Carbon County; two of the ford of the North Platte on the Overland Trail in Carbon County; two of old stone block house at Wind River Agency northwest of Lander; four of old Rongis Stage Station (Fletcher's ranch) in Carbon County on the Rawlins-Lander Stage line; one taken on Brown's Canyon road showing lakes and Seminoe Mountains; one of powder house at Fort Steele; one of Bridger's Pass; one of Soda Lake and old Rawlins-Casper road, taken from top of Independence Rock.

Adner, A. J.—Five million mark note. Dated August 20, 1923.

Fryxell, F. M.—Original manuscripts—"Deadman's Bar" and "The Codys" in LeClaire".

Symon, Harold—Picture of the presenting of the Collier trophy. It was given to the state that had the greatest percentage of registered voters going to the polls.

Cheyenne Street Railway ticket, given away by Stone & Covert with each cash purchase of One Dollar. Gives time table of the line on the back of the ticket. (Line was never built).

Rhodes, Mrs. O. E.—Pictures of Indian pieces belonging to Mrs. Rhodes.

Mentzer, Frances—Letter to Fred J. Stanton, of Denver, from S. Sternberger, a dealer in tobaccoes, Cheyenne, Wyoming, in reply to a bill for newspaper advertising. It is dated Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, December 12, 1868.

Hadsell, Mrs. Frank—Photographs of Judge Homer Merrill and President William McKinley. Manuscript—"Railroad Under Difficulties," by R. M. Galbraith. Two pictures of the United States District Court Room at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Group picture of John Maddin, George Wright, Ben Northington, John Foot, James Rankin, Mike Murphy, Joe Rankin, Tom Sun, Boney Ernest. Trunk containing letters, books, papers, etc., which belonged to Mr. Frank Hadsell.

Gay, Mrs. Guy—"Wyoming Worth Knowing," a pamphlet issued by the State Department of Commerce and Industry.

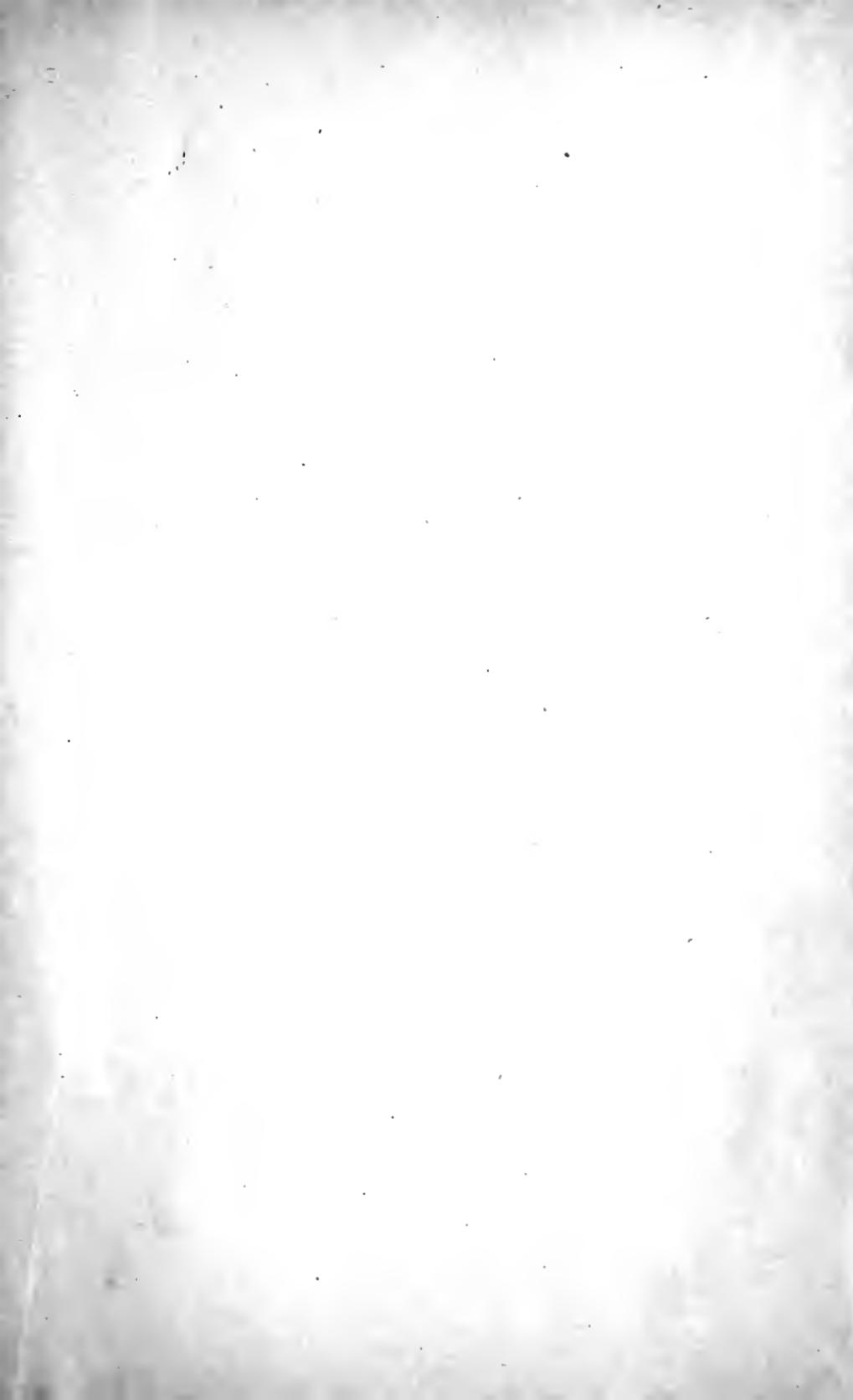
Fellows, Miss Nelson—A walnut desk used by Colonel E. B. Carlin, while stationed at Camp Carlin in the late sixties. The camp was named for Colonel Carlin.

Historical Society at Montana—Two views of the Sweetwater Dam and the first overflow, taken in March, 1889.

- Dana, Mrs. A. G.—Original manuscript, "Easter in the Holy Land."
- Washington State Historical Society—Publications of Washington State Historical Society, Volume II, 1907-1914.
- Reckmeyer, Clarence—The Latter-Day Saints' Emigrants Guide, from Council Bluffs to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, by William Clayton. This book is printed from photographic plates of the original book which was printed in St. Louis in 1848. Photostat map of the Mormon Trace.
- McCahan, Mrs. J. T.—Seventeen photographs taken by M. D. Houghton at Rawlins in 1882 and 1883. Pictures show Rawlins in early days—Round Up Scenes, Indians, etc.
- Coe, W. R.—Journal and Letters of Major John Owen, Pioneer of the Northwest, 1850-1870, by Dunbar and Phillips. Autographed by Mr. Coe. Two volumes.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace R.—Photograph of Mrs. Justice Morris (Esther Morris) the first woman justice of the peace in the United States.
- Wells, Mrs. L. M.—Documents concerning removal of Governors Baxter and Moonlight.
- Lovejoy, Fred—Land office certificate of land purchased by Elias Bedford, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. Dated April 5, 1822.
- Carter, Vincent—Stars and Stripes, September 20, 21, 22, 23, 1927. Daily Mail Continental, Souvenir Edition.
- Thompson, Mrs. John Charles—A bit of bunting used to decorate the town at the time Statehood was declared, July 10, 1890.
- Department of Missions of the National Council of the Episcopal Church—A silver-mounted saddle presented by General Grant to Chief Washakie for valor.
- DeBarthe, Mrs. Harriet—Original manuscript—"Forty-one Years in Wyoming."
- American Legion—Gavel and gavel block made from the hull of the United States Frigate Constitution, keel laid in 1794 and rebuilt in 1927.
- Captain Boyd F. Briggs, A. S. A.—15 Sols. Printed in 1793. This was given to Captain Briggs by a French Captain.
- Trone, J. W.—A ticket to the Concert given by Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, at Nancy, France, on May 5, 1919. Tickets issued by the Government in order that the soldiers might purchase bread and sugar.
- Johnson, Arthur C.—An address delivered by A. C. Campbell on December 20, 1928, before the Laramie County Bar Association at Cheyenne. The Denver Daily Record Stockman—The Annual Show Edition, 1929. Book—"Glimpses of an Earlier Milwaukee," by Bill Hooker.

- W. T. K. Club of Wheatland, Wyoming—Original Manuscript entitled “Adventures of an Itinerant Librarian,” written by M. Wilkinson, County Organizer.
- Cody Club—Four ounce sample of the first gallon of gasoline from The Texas Refinery at Cody, Wyoming.
- Denderer, John—Original manuscript on the “History of Cheyenne.”
- Emery, Mrs. Maud M.—Pictures of Yellowstone Park, Hawaiian Islands, and of the Chinese Dragon Parade on their New Year’s Day, February, 1898. Scrap book—Origin of the Trans-Continental Highway, later called The Lincoln Highway, and the Origin of the Yellowstone Highway and the Highway System of Wyoming.
- Calverly, J. A.—Invitation to the Ninth Annual Commencement Exercises (1899) at the University of Wyoming.
- The Russell Family—General Russell’s sword and sash. Picture of General Russell. Letters written by General Russell—Feb., 1860; Dec., 1861; May, 1862; April, 1863; Nov., 1863; Sept., 1864; Dec., 1845. Scrap book. Badge worn by Cornelia Russell Simmons at the unveiling of a monument in memory of General Russell. Ft. D. A. Russell was named for General Russell.
- Bruce, Robert—A picture of General Custer’s initials cut on the top of a mountain in the Black Hills known as Inyankara.
- Evans, Mrs. D. P.—Two magazines—“James Nasmyth, Engineer.” (An autobiography); The American Portrait Gallery. The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, May, 1887; Photographs of the Hawaiian Islands, published in 1898; The Century War Book, Nos. 5, 11, 12, published in 1898; Our Country, published in March, 1894.
- Heuett, Mrs. B. F.—Copy of the New York Mirror, dated 1838.
- Kendrick, Senator John B.—The pen with which President Coolidge on February 26, 1929, signed “S. 5543, An Act to establish the Grand Teton National Park in the State of Wyoming.”
- Jackson, W. H.—Book entitled “The Pioneer Photographer,” written by W. H. Jackson and Howard Driggs. Mr. Jackson was the official photographer of the Hayden Expeditions.

Grace Hammond Hebard
318 S. 10th street





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